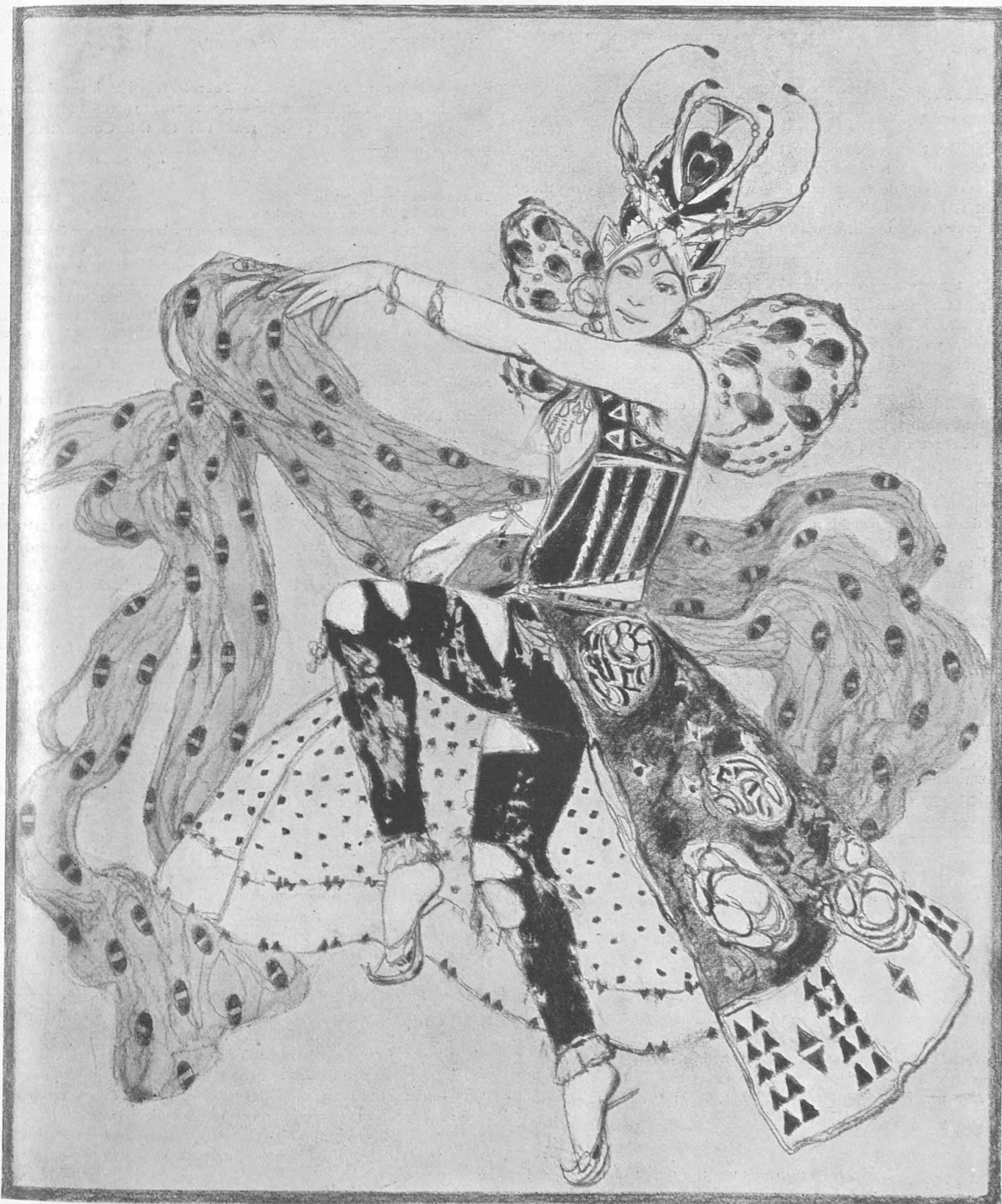


# The Sketch

No. 983.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



## THE PERI: WHY SHOULD NOT THIS BE SEEN AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' BALL?

We here offer a pictorial suggestion to any of our fair readers who may be casting about for an appropriate and original costume in which to attend the great Arabian Nights' Ball at Covent Garden on December 14th. Our drawing shows the famous Russian ballerina, Mile. Trouhanova, in the dress she will wear in the new ballet "The Peri," by Paul Dukas, which, it is said, is to be produced in Paris this season, and would have been seen last season but for certain circumstances that caused a postponement. Mile. Trouhanova's costume was specially designed by M. Bakst, whose decorative genius has attained such wonderful effects in the scenery and dresses for the Russian ballets. The dress is all spangled with gold and glittering colours, the whole effect being strangely luminous and fairy-like.

### NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR COPY OF "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number will be on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents' on Monday next, December 4th. It is as light and bright as ever, and is certain to be quickly sold out, so copies should be ordered at once. The number includes eight beautiful pictures in full colours, and an exquisite presentation plate in photogravure from a picture by Henrietta Rae; also drawings by Heath Robinson, John Hassall, H. M. Bateman, and other Sketch Artists. There are stories by Dion Clayton Calthrop, Rafael Sabatini, Christopher Stone, and Edward Cecil, illustrated by J. R. Skelton, Lawson Wood, Steven Spurrier, and S. E. Scott. The price is One Shilling.

### MOTLEY NOTES.

#### "Women at Banquets."

There are so many big agitations to excite the minds of the children just now that the little agitations are in danger of being passed over. I should like, therefore, to help the "Women at Banquets" agitation. Most of my readers are aware that women are often invited to look down upon their menfolk when the latter get together for what is known as a "banquet."

Let us see, first of all, how this custom originated.

"Don't forget, my dear," said Mr. Silvertop, "that I shall not be dining at home on Thursday night."

"Why not?" replied Mrs. Silvertop.

"Surely you haven't forgotten that that's the night of the Annual Banquet of the Old Crustaceans at the Hotel Percy?"

"Oh, yes, of course." A pause. "How quickly it comes round!" A little sigh. "I wonder what on earth I shall do with myself that evening!" A larger sigh.

"I can return the ticket, my dear, if you would rather I didn't go."

"No, thank you. I should never hear the last of it. Besides, you've paid for it."

"I daresay they would refund the money."

"Nonsense! Of course you must go. You've been looking forward to it for such a long time, and you always enjoy it so much. Bring the menu-card home with you, won't you?"

#### Full-Hearted Husbands.

Mr. Silvertop thought over this little conversation more times than his wife guessed. It was hard luck that the old lady should be left at home when he was enjoying himself in jolly company. Why should they not make the dinner a mixed one? He would sound other Old Crustaceans on the subject.

This, accordingly, he did. He introduced the topic with the bird, hammered at it during the sweets, and delivered quite a small peroration over the savoury. "And I, for one," said Mr. Silvertop, gazing at his sparkling wine with slightly moistened eyes, "should enjoy the dinner ten times as much if my life's partner were sitting opposite to me!"

One or two of the older men cried "Hear, hear!" but the younger men, alas! were unsympathetic. Ladies, they said, would be a restraint on their joviality. After all, it was only one night in the year. There were other banquets to which men could take their wives. As for the man sitting in the place that Mrs. Silvertop would have occupied, he grew almost offensive, muttering something about "old ninnies" and "apron-strings." However, all was well after the Old Crustaceans had risen to their feet to pledge the King. They were men, brothers, Englishmen, and glorious fellows. The toast of "The Ladies" was received with marked enthusiasm at Mr. Silvertop's table. One Old Crustacean even began to sing "For *they* are jolly good fellows," but, lacking support, finished weakly on the second "For *they*."

#### A Letter to the Hon. Sec.

Mr. Silvertop was not the man to let the matter rest here. His wife's innocent amazement as she read the list of good things consumed by the Old Crustaceans—half of them quite homely dishes that Mr. Silvertop would have wasted no time upon at his own table, but looking awfully luxurious in their French frocks—decided him. He would

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

write a letter to the Honorary Secretary. He knew him quite well—had, indeed, known him for twenty years—but he would write a formal letter to be read out to the Committee. This was the letter—

"Ivydene,"  
Ealing Road,  
Lower Streatham.

To the Honorary Secretary,  
The Old Crustaceans Society.

DEAR SIR,—As an Old Crustacean of twenty-three years' standing, I venture to bring forward a proposal that would, I fancy, if carried into effect, enhance in no inconsiderable degree the great pleasure we all derive from our Annual Banquets. My proposal, in a word, is this: why should we not each have the option of introducing one or two lady guests to these enjoyable functions, thus enabling our wives and daughters not only to participate in our historic Banquets, but also, perhaps, to cement friendships already made or inaugurate new ties of mutual esteem?

I may add that I have already sounded several old Crustaceans on this point, and have discovered a strong feeling in favour of the innovation.

Trusting, Sir, that you will take an early opportunity of bringing this matter before your Committee,

I beg to remain, yours obediently,  
GEORGE ARMSTRONG SILVERTOP.

#### The Letter in Committee.

Mr. Silvertop would have been very much astonished had he been present at the next meeting of the Committee. To describe his letter as a bomb would be altogether too feeble. All other matters—such as three demands for money back on account of corked wine—had to go by the board. The Committee became very excited. They hit the table, they glared at one another, they muttered fiendish things, their faces grew redder and redder. The windows had to be opened. The Honorary Secretary, far-famed for his tact, had a terrible job to keep even a semblance of peace. He postponed, and postponed, and postponed. At last he suggested, by way of compromise, that ladies should be admitted to the gallery to hear the speeches, eat ices, and drink coffee. "The thin end of the wedge," growled the hard-and-fasters, but the motion was carried.

#### "Relic of Barbarism."

That was how it all began. Who could have foreseen the result of Mr. Silvertop's gentle-heartedness? Imagine the poor gentleman's amazement when he read in his daily paper that this custom of admitting ladies to the gallery on the occasion of a public banquet was a "relic of barbarism"!

"I cannot imagine men so discourteous as to invite women to dinners to watch them eating, smoking, and drinking," he read.

"I cannot imagine any self-respecting woman submitting to the indignity of such a dinner," he read.

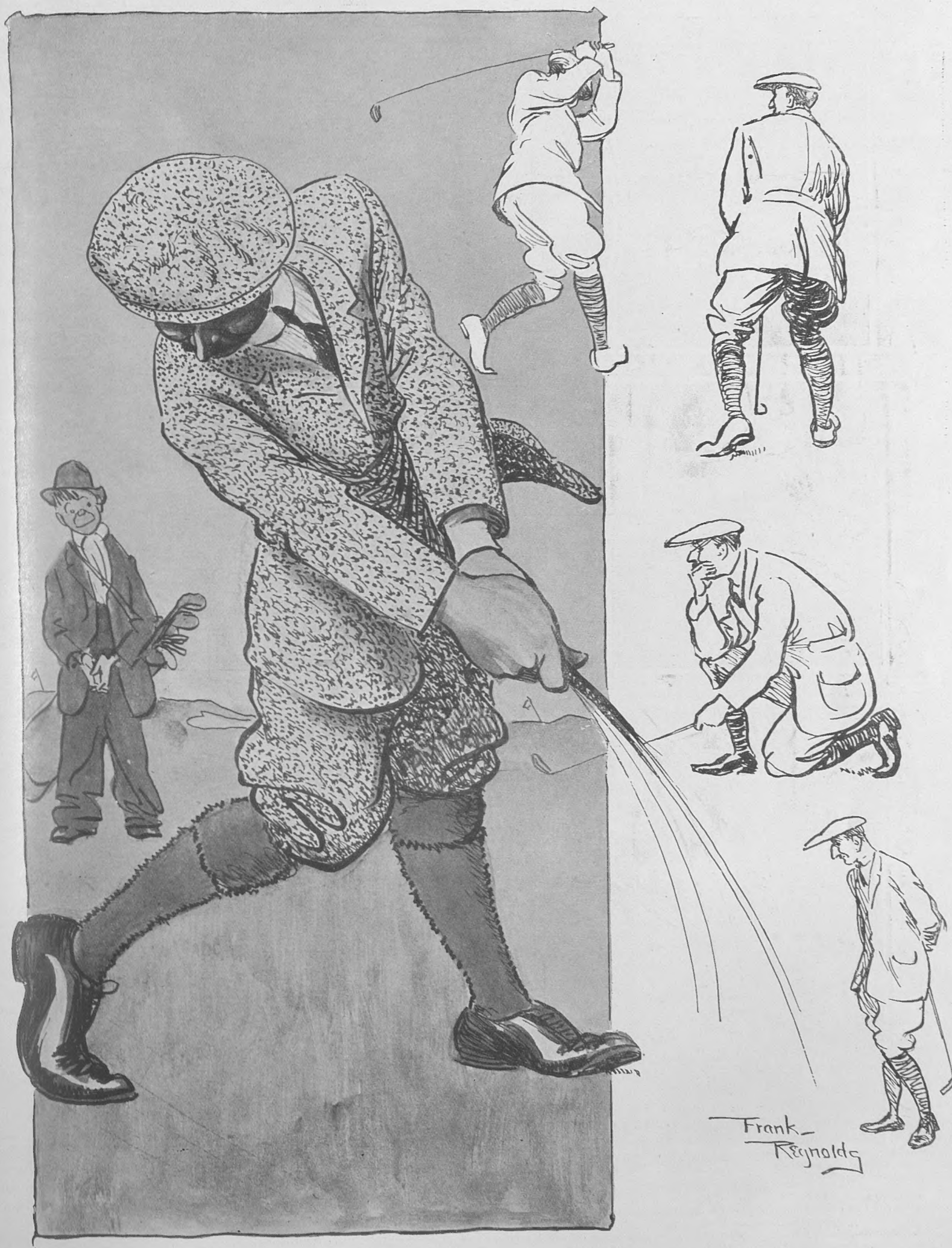
"The vanity of man could not go farther," he read.

Mrs. Silvertop was in full accord. "It certainly does seem very humiliating," she told her husband. "Why on earth should we look on while you men eat and drink and smoke? Surely you might be content with a good dinner and your own society instead of dragging your womenfolk to watch you all enjoying yourselves!"

Mr. Silvertop clapped hands to his head. He knew that there was a flaw in the argument somewhere, but, for the life of him, he could not find it. All the Old Crustaceans were brute beasts because they had—What had they done? . . . Poor, poor old Old Crustaceans!



## GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## VIII.—CRÈME DE LA CRÈME: HARRY VARDON.

Harry Vardon, of the South Herts Golf Club, Totteridge, and much fame, was born at Jersey in 1870. It is not possible to describe all his successes here, but it may be noted that he won the Open Championship in 1896, 1898, 1899, and 1903, and was runner up in 1900, 1901, and 1902. He played for England v. Scotland for seven years, and was selected in an eighth. As a sprinter, he has won ten prizes.

## WITH THE "GUNS": SOCIETY SHOTS AT WORK.



1. LEATHER-GLOVED: THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

2. WITH HAND EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH ON THE BARREL: LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER, BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

3. WOOLLEN-GLOVED: THE EARL OF ROCKSAVAGE, ELDEST SON OF THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

4. THE QUICK LOADER AT WORK: EARL HOWE CHANGING GUNS.

5. RETRIEVING A PHEASANT WHICH FELL INTO THE LAKE: THE EARL OF CRAVEN'S DOG AT WORK.

6. LOADER AND "GUN" ON THE ALERT: EARL HOWE SHOOTING.

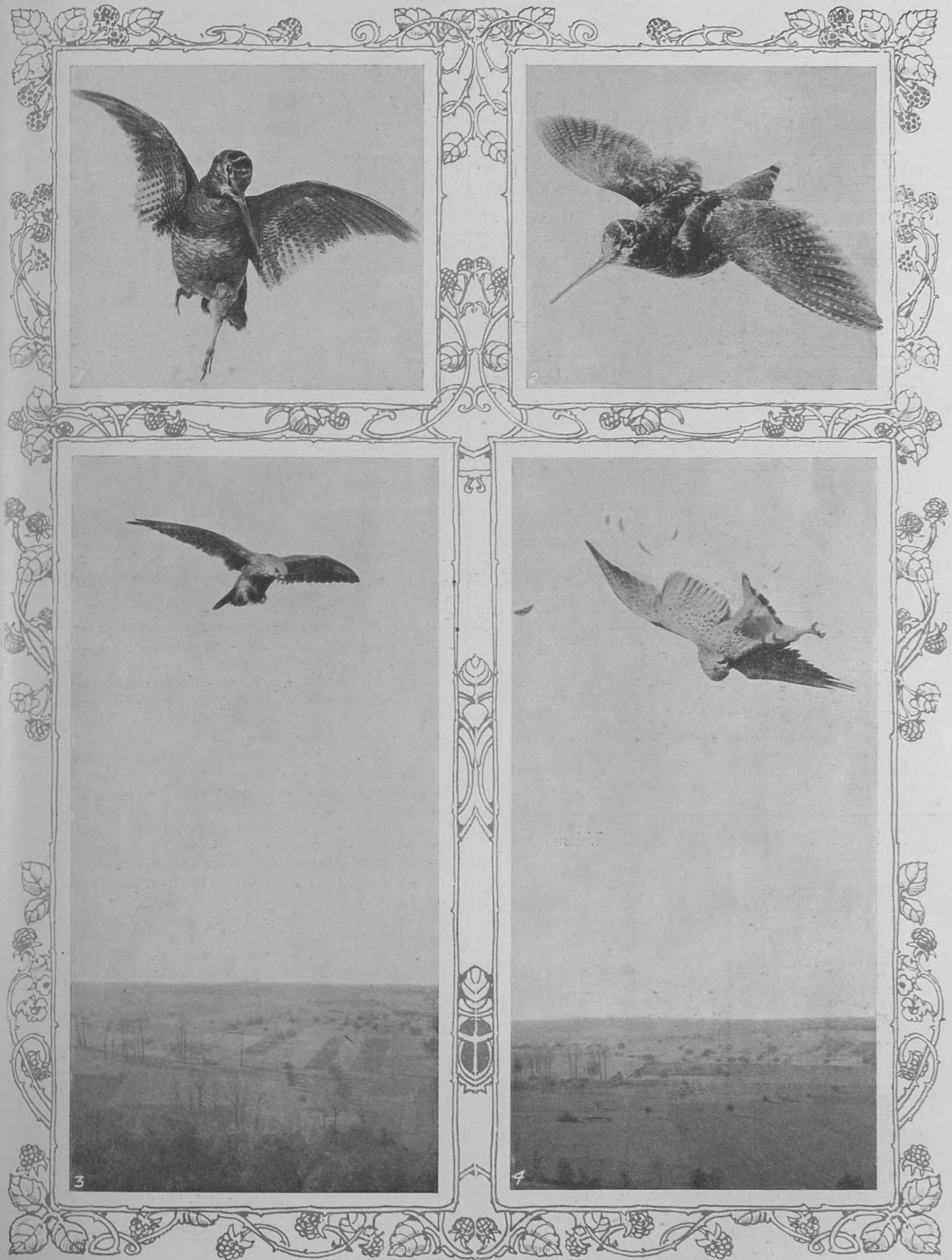
7. TAKING A HIGH BIRD: CAPTAIN LAYCOCK.

8. THE EARL OF CRAVEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: MR. BRADLEY MARTIN SHOOTING AT COMBE ABBEY, NEAR COVENTRY.

With the exception of Numbers 3 and 7, these photographs were taken at Combe Abbey, and show the Earl and Countess of Craven's shooting-party, which included Earl Howe, Lord and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Colonel and Lady Sarah Wilson, Mr. Walter Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Greville, and Mr. Muriatti. The others show "guns" at the Cheveley Park shoot at Newmarket. The Earl of Craven, fourth holder of the title, is the son-in-law of Mr. Bradley Martin, of New York, having married his daughter, Cornelia, in 1893. Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is the elder of the Duke of Roxburghe's brothers. In 1907, he married Miss Anne Brees, of New York. Lord Rocksavage is an A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. Earl Howe has been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra since 1903. Before that he was Treasurer of Queen Victoria's Household and a Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, and a Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward VII. — [Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Sport and General.]



## BIRDS NOT OF A FEATHER: WOODCOCK AND KESTREL.



1 and 2. A BRACE OF REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS: WOODCOCK IN FLIGHT.

3 and 4. IN LIFE AND IN DEATH: A KESTREL IN FLIGHT AND FALLING AFTER HAVING BEEN SHOT.

We give these two remarkable photographs of birds as a supplement to others of the same nature and also by M. Thévenin, published in other issues. The first two show a woodcock, which, it is no doubt scarcely necessary to remind most of our readers, is closely related to the snipe. Some, however, may not know that during the breeding season it is the habit of the cock-birds to follow certain tracks in the woods, known as the "cock roads," and to whistle as they go. With regard to the photographs of the kestrel it may be remarked that they show the common kestrel, or wind-hover. The last name is given to it because of its method of hanging in mid-air with head against the wind.—[Photographs by Henri Thévenin.]

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
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MARION TERRY in her original character.  
At 8.20, **THE MINIATURE**, by Walter Frith.  
LAST MATINEE (both plays) 10 DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 2.15.

**WYNDHAM'S.** At 8.30. **GERALD du MAURIER** and Co. in  
**THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND**, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

STANLEY PAUL.  
**The Beloved Princess.** Charles E. Pearce. 76s. net.  
**Love's Old Sweet Song.** Clifton Bingham. 6s.  
**The Free Marriage.** J. Keighley Snowden. 6s.

SAMPSON LOW.  
**The Human Compass.** Bart Kennedy. 6s.  
WARD, LOCK.  
**Fortune's Foundling.** L. G. Moberly. 6s.  
WILLIAMS AND NORGATE.  
**The King to His People: Speeches and Messages of King George V.** 5s. net.  
HURST AND BLACKETT.  
**Brown Face and White.** Clive Holland. 6s.  
PARTRIDGE.  
**The Castaways of Disappointment Island.** H. Escott-Inman. 2s. 6d.  
**The Call of Honour.** Argyll Saxby. 2s.

LONG.  
**Big-Game Hunting in North-Eastern Rhodesia.** Owen Letcher. 12s. 6d. net.  
**The Girl with Ideals.** G. F. Handel Elvey. 6s.  
**The Spell of the Lotus.** D. H. Dennis. 6s.  
**The Phantom Horse.** Nat Gould. 7s.  
**My Recollections of the Sepoy Revolt.** Mrs. Muter. 7s. 6d. net.  
LONGMANS.  
**The Singing Circle.** Lady Bell. 3s. 6d. net.  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON.  
**Below Zero.** Noel Pocock. 7s. 6d. net.  
**David Copperfield.** Illustrated by Frank Reynolds. 15s.

MACKAY.  
**Scottish Life and Character.** William Harvey. 5s. net.  
RIDER.  
**Byways of Ghostland.** Elliott O'Donnell. 3s. 6d. net.  
BLACKWOOD.  
**Cupid and Cartridges.** Aubrey O'Brien and Reginald Bolster. 10s. net.

HEINEMANN.  
**In Northern Mists.** Fridtjof Nansen. Two vols. 30s. net.  
**The Life of James McNeill Whistler.** E. R. and J. Pennell. 12s. 6d. net.

SMITH, ELDER.  
**Penny Monypenny.** Mary and Jane Findlater. 6s.

CONSTABLE.  
**The Princess's Story Book.** Edited by Sir George Laurence Gomme. 3s. 6d.  
**The Queen's Story Book.** Edited by Sir George Laurence Gomme. 3s. 6d.  
**The King's Story Book.** Edited by Sir George Laurence Gomme. 3s. 6d.  
**The Prince's Story Book.** Edited by Sir George Laurence Gomme. 3s. 6d.

HUTCHINSON.  
**Some Recollections.** T. Teignmouth Shore. 16s.

ELLIOT STOCK.  
**A Garland of Shakespeare Flowers.** Rose E. Carr Smith. 3s. net.

NASH.  
**Love and Laughter.** John Savile Judd. 3s. 6d. net.  
**The Meaning of Dreams.** Elliott O'Donnell. 2s. 6d. net.

**The Fire-Seeker.** Iota. 6s.

BLACK.  
**The Canary Islands.** Ella and Florence Du Cane. 7s. 6d. net.  
**Aucassin and Nicolette.** Harold Child. 7s. 6d. net.

THE BODLEY HEAD.  
**The Criminal and the Community.** Dr. James Devon. 6s.

JOHN MURRAY.  
**Rifle, Rod, and Spear in the East.** Sir Edward Durand, Bt. 8s. net.

HEINEMANN.  
**Through Trackless Labrador.** H. Hesketh Prichard. 15s. net.  
**A Likely Story.** William de Morgan. 6s.  
**The Pilgrim Kamanita.** Karl Gjellerup. 6s.

## GENERAL NOTES.

*Of Hardinges.* For many reasons Lord Hardinge is at home in India; and for many reasons, too, he is exactly the Viceroy to welcome his Roy. Of his three children, his first and second were named after the late King and Queen Alexandra, while for a third he fell back on the quite impersonal one of Diamond; she, too, may not inappropriately be linked to the land of the Koh-i-Noor. While Lord Hardinge of Penshurst is lost in the widening wilderness of the Peers' Roll under "Penshurst," he is really "of Lahore," although that is the official title of his brother, Viscount Hardinge. It was after the taking of Lahore that the Viscounty was conferred, and to that feat, with others, the family owes the grant of £3000 a year made by a grateful country to the three generations of Hardinges, of whom the present Viscount is the lucky last. Within the forts of Lahore, by the way, a place is marked where twenty-four Court ladies underwent suttee for their lord in the first Viscount's own day. With suttee flourished infanticide. Maharajah Duleep Singh, whose family is since domiciled in Norfolk, a tidy English county, remembered how his sisters were thrown into the river, tied in sacks. In two generations, thanks in part to the heartiness of a Hardinge's disapproval, there is now neither sack nor sister, fuel nor widow, for the sacrifice.

### At Home and Not at Home.

The Olympia Skating Club prospers in its new Holland Park Rink, and the opening meetings have been well attended. Countess Zia and Countess Nada Torby made the most of a fleeting opportunity before going abroad; Lady Dudley, Lady Lanesborough, and Lady Hardwicke, with Lord Curzon, Lord Dudley, and Prince Maurice of Battenberg, were of the company. Lady Crewe was also present, looking more like the lady of her husband's Burne-Jones picture than ever, though the one is bare-footed and the other shod with shoes and wheels. Lady Crewe has been admired, too, at the Opera quite lately, and at a recent wedding she appeared in full radiance, save for the hat that partly hid her. These appearances may as well be noted because, according to a paragraph printed last week in a favourite paper, "she never goes anywhere"!

## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

*TO ARTISTS.*—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

*TO AUTHORS.*—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

*TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.*—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

*SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.*—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

*GENERAL NOTICES.*—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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### The Territorials Again.

nothing else, bring home to the mind of anyone who troubles to think the fact that we might by now, but for good luck and the German Emperor's real desire to keep the peace, have found ourselves with our Regular Army fighting on the Continent, and the defence of Great Britain and Ireland entrusted to the Territorials

and the few odds and ends of Regular forces not required for the moment for reinforcements. There would have been no lack of interest, under those circumstances, in our Territorials. Whether the crises will be sufficiently understood at large, or the nearness of war sufficiently appreciated to shake the English people out of their apathy, it is impossible to say; but if it has not that effect, nothing but real war will do so.

### Universal Service.

Universal service, which all soldiers would like to see, is still, unfortunately, in the realm of politics, and is not yet acknowledged as a matter of national interest. Lord Haldane, in his speech in the House of Lords last week, snapped back at his critics on the other side of the House, "Are you agreed about compulsory service? Can you win an election on it?" And the pity of it all, from the point of view of those who think that every man fit to serve his country should qualify for that service, is that no party as a party could propose universal service at the present time and remain in office. One thing has been accomplished. That is that the

words "universal service" have taken the place of the dreaded word "conscription," and the campaign of Lord Roberts, and

shirkers would gain no advantage over the men willing to do their duty. As the country, however, is not yet ready for this, unless the past crisis does its frightening work, other means must be found for filling the depleted Territorial ranks, and the County Associations will have to ask for an increase of the money allowed them. The Territorials feel now that they are out of pocket by attending drills, and a small payment for drills should remove that grievance. Another suggestion is that men attending camps should get a free issue of boots and socks and shirt; and yet another suggestion is that "bringing-money" should be paid to recruiters for men induced to join the force. It is a difficult problem, for it is essential that, in filling the Territorial ranks, men who would otherwise go into the Regular Army or the Special Reserve should not be tempted away from those branches of the Service.

### The Crystal Palace Saved.

The Earl of Plymouth has bought the Crystal Palace, for the suggested plan of one thousand people paying ten pounds each to complete the deposit-money did not appeal to the people who have tin-pound notes to spare. No doubt the next step will be to decide on what lines the Crystal Palace is to be run in the future, remembering that it is to be a memorial to the late King Edward; and, as the final step, the Lord Mayor will be asked to start a Mansion House Fund to recoup Lord Plymouth, and to obtain the Crystal Palace as a national property. When the money for the purchase has been paid, the organisation of the great building as a self-supporting institution will have to be considered, for I fancy there is no idea of endowing it as well as of purchasing it.

While, no doubt, the grounds will continue to be a centre for sports and festivals, and the Handel festivals and other great musical events will be held in the Centre Transept as before, the theatre and some of the other places of amusement in and about the Palace might well be put on a better footing. We all hear so many regrets expressed that no repertory theatres exist in London. Why should not the Crystal Palace possess one, as the first step towards a national theatre, and gather all earnest playgoers for matinées of



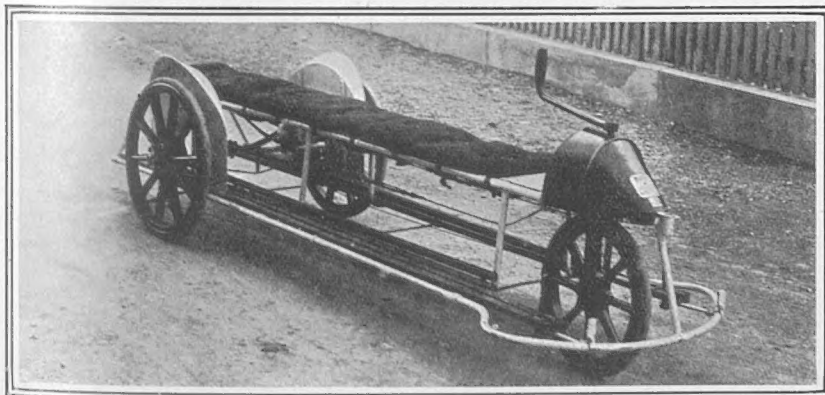
AWARDED £1100 DAMAGES IN A LIBEL ACTION, SIR JOSEPH BENJAMIN ROBINSON, Bt., THE SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.

Sir Joseph, whose baronetcy dates from 1708, is the youngest son of the late Robert John Robinson, and was born in August 1845. Before 1867, he was engaged in woolbuying and farming. He is the owner of South African goldmines and chairman of Robinson's South African Banking Company and many gold-mining companies. For some time he was Mayor of Kimberley, which he represented in the House of Assembly of Cape Colony.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



THE VOLUNTEER POLICE FORCE: AN INSPECTOR.

As a result of a movement inaugurated on Trafalgar Day, many men have been enrolled in the Volunteer Police Force, and uniforms were issued recently. The object of the scheme is the organisation of bodies of private citizens for volunteer police duty, to co-operate with the regular police forces in times of strikes, riots, and so on  
[Photograph by G.P.P.]



WINTER-SPORT IN THE SUMMERTIME: THE SNOWLESS-ROAD SLEIGH.

men who think as that gallant veteran thinks, is gradually breaking down the prejudice of the great class of the British public who associate soldiering with the sending away of their sons to far-off lands and bad climates.

### Various Remedies.

Universal service need not mean the two years' or the one year's hard work in a battalion and the discomforts of a barrack-room that conscription in foreign countries means. Our foreign-service army will always be distinct from our citizen army; but if all sound young men were trained as Territorials, it would be possible to insist on that six months' training which is universally acknowledged as being necessary to make the Territorial efficient soldier; and as all men except those enlisting in the Regular Army would go through this six months' training, the



THE SNOWLESS-ROAD SLEIGH: THE INGENIOUS DEVICE IN USE.

[Photograph by H. Sanden.]

great English works? No doubt the matter of better communications between London and the Palace will be one of the first matters of importance considered when the whole problem is debated.





THE first nip of cold has sent numbers of people, and a flood of letters bespeaking sunny quarters, to the South. The Countess of Powis led the way to Pau, with all the family at her heels. The Earl

that Sir Edward Poynter will himself be called upon to decide between his own Addison Road and Mr. Abbey's Tite Street. Tite Street, once the scene of Whistler's adventures with the bailiffs, is the home of a third American painter—Mr. Sargent.

*Quaritch quâ Quaritch.*

Lady Ritchie is lucky in a father who (though dead) still surprises her with unexpected pleasures. During the Huth Sale Mr. Quaritch was only once absent from his

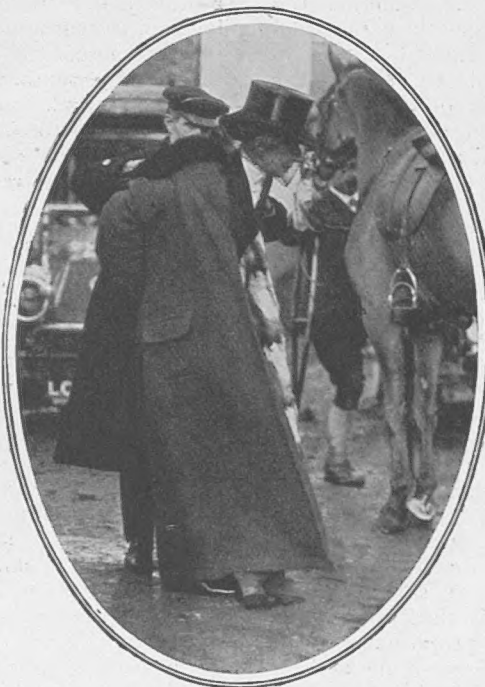


WITH THE QUORN: THE MARQUIS DE HOZ.  
*Photograph by C.N.*

and Countess of Yarborough are due, or already arrived, at the Villa des Acacias, which will shelter them during most of the winter. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby longed, with the coming of the first typical English November day, for Cannes, and there they will stay for several weeks. There also will be quartered Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux. Mürren counts on the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, the Earl and Countess of Leitrim, and the Earl and Countess of Lytton.

*A Tile Place.* The will of Mr. Abbey, long regarded as an inveterate Londoner, has been proved in America; and, subject to Mrs. Abbey's decision, his Chelsea house will be at the disposal of the Presidents of the Royal Academy for all time, although it is very improbable

*Can-Affords.* Public indignation slumbers in regard to the loss of works of art. Earlier in the year, Lord Sackville put a great Gainsborough into the hands of a



A LADY WHO HAS FOLLOWED THE QUORN FOR MORE YEARS THAN ANY OTHER MEMBER OF THE HUNT: ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF WILTON.

Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, widow of the third Earl, to whom she was married in 1858, was Elizabeth Charlotte Louisa, daughter of the second Earl of Craven, and was born in 1836. In 1886, her first husband having died in 1885, she married Mr. Arthur Vickris Pryor.—*(Photograph by C.N.)*



AT A MEET OF THE LECONFIELD: LADY LECONFIELD.  
Lord and Lady Leconfield attended a meet of the Leconfield the other day for the first time since their marriage, which, it will be recalled, took place on the 8th of this month. Lady Leconfield was Miss Violet Rawson, and is a daughter of Lieut-Colonel R. H. Rawson, Conservative M.P. for the Reigate Division of Surrey, and Lady Beatrice Rawson, sister of the Earl of Lichfield. Lord Leconfield is a nephew of Lord Rosebery, was formerly in the 1st Life Guards, and was wounded during the South African War.—*(Photograph by G.P.P.)*

place of honour—the top seat on Sotheby's hard bench—and that was when he hurried across to Chancery Lane to buy a tiny tome called "Flora and Zephyr." He paid £226 for it, and that sum, minus the auctioneer's commission, went to the astonished hands of the owner. The little book was by Thackeray, Lady Ritchie's father, and she cannot but feel some little thrill of pride in an unexpected gift that his genius still has the power of bestowing. Mr. Quaritch made his purchase and returned with all speed to the scene of his triumphs.



WITH THE BELVOIR: SIR JOHN MILBANKE, V.C., MASTER MILBANKE, MISS BERESFORD, MRS. BERESFORD, LADY MILBANKE, AND THEIR HOST, MR. BERTIE SHERIFFE.

Sir John Milbanke won his Victoria Cross at Colesburg, for returning to rescue one of his men although he himself was severely wounded. He is the tenth baronet. The great-great-grandfather of the first holder of the title is said to have been that Ralph Milbanke who was cup-bearer to Queen Mary in Scotland. Sir John, who succeeded his father in 1899, was born in October 1872. Eleven years ago he married Amelia, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Charles Frederick Crichton, Irish Guards.

*Photograph by H. Barrett.*

Bond Street dealer, and from Bond Street to New York is no great flight for canvas. And now, without a whisper either of protest or comment, Mr. Widener becomes the owner of Lord Wimborne's three Rembrandts. But this is not another triumph of American wealth; Mr. W. of Philadelphia is no richer, for that matter, than Lord W. of Canford Manor. Canford, indeed, carries many traditions of wealth. When it was bought for the Guests, payment was made, under cover of a penny stamp and a farthing envelope, by a cheque for £200,000. That was before the days when a single picture is reckoned worth half that sum. And Wimborne House still has its Bouchers.



WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE—TALKING TO MISS CLARA MINE.

Her Grace was Miss Kathleen Florence May Candy, daughter of Major Henry Augustus Candy, late 9th Lancers, who in 1870 married the Hon. Frances Kathleen Westra, sister of the present Lord Rossmore. The Duchess was born in 1871, and was married in 1889. Her husband, Henry Pelham Archibald Douglas Pelham-Clinton, seventh Duke of Newcastle, was born in 1864 and succeeded to the title in 1879. He is a Knight of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem in England. At the Coronation of King George he exercised his claim to provide a glove for the King's right hand and support his Majesty's right arm while he was holding the Sceptre.—*(Photograph by C.N.)*



## THE PITCH — AND THE TOSS: THE ASHES - HUNTERS.



PRACTICE IN THE NETS, AT SEA: THE M.C.C. TEAM, WHO ARE PLAYING AUSTRALIA, INDULGING IN CRICKET ON THE BOAT-DECK OF THE "ORVIETO."

Our photograph illustrates the manner in which the M.C.C. team kept in practice while on their way to Australia, by playing upon the boat-deck of the "Orvioto," which was well netted for the purpose. The first Test Match is to be played on Dec. 15. It will be remembered that fourteen of the sixteen members of the team left this country on Sept. 29. Hobbs and Strudwick arranged to join the vessel at Marseilles. The team comprises F. R. Foster, S. P. Kinneir, and E. J. Smith (Warwickshire), J. B. Hobbs, J. W. Hitch, and H. Strudwick (Surrey), P. F. Warner and J. W. Hearne (Middlesex), George Gunn and J. Iremonger (Notts), C. P. Mead (Hampshire), W. Rhodes (Yorkshire), F. E. Woolley (Kent), J. Vine (Sussex), J. W. H. T. Douglas (Essex), and S. F. Barnes (Staffordshire).



# CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE poisoning of cattle in the North of England is accounted for by the large number of acorns; and the large number of acorns is accounted for by the absence of rooks. Now if anyone will only account for the absence of rooks, we can look forward to a Happy Christmas.

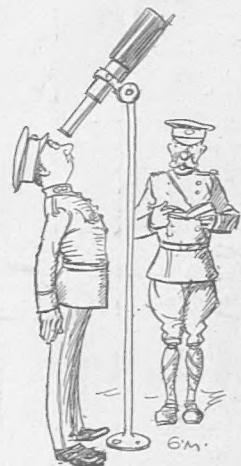


Cambridge University is going to apply the Mendelian law to sheep, and produce for us legs of mutton of a very superior kind. In

time there will be a new degree for butchers—BAA.

Bacon's "Religious Meditations," first edition, 1587, has just been sold at £1000 an ounce. This is the most remarkable rise in the price of bacon that even the present appreciation of values can show.

Dear, dear, this is very shocking! Those naughty Metropolitan police have actually been boxing at Cannon Row, and they must have been quite rough, for a wicked man who reported the dreadful doings said that one of them was beaten by a punch on the jaw. *Quis custodiet custodes?*



Lectures on astronomy, according to the *Evening News*, are to be given to soldiers at Aldershot during the winter months. To enable them to emulate the shooting stars, no doubt.

After all, the Chinese have some sense. When a bride in China does not like her husband she merely stays with him for the customary three days after marriage, and then goes home to mamma for an indefinite period. This is far more civilised than planting the mother-in-law on her husband for the same length of time.



Mr. Galsworthy says that the keynote of the age is a refusal to take things for granted. It is infinitely more a desire to take things for nothing.

## THE MERRY WEDDING.

(At some recent wedding-receptions, a sort of variety concert has been held to keep the guests from being bored.)

The wedding-guest needs an added zest  
To keep him a cheerful soul,  
For he's often been through the dull  
routine,  
Except in the leading rôle.  
So the modern bride will henceforth  
provide,  
For the bridesmaids and their grooms,  
What hits the stalls in the music-halls,  
In her parents' drawing-rooms.

She will try and find, to divert the  
mind  
Of each bored habitué,  
A turn that will give a pleasing thrill  
In an unexpected way:  
With something strong in a comic song  
(Or a cinematograph.  
Then off she'll skip on her wedding-  
trip.  
Content if she's made them laugh.

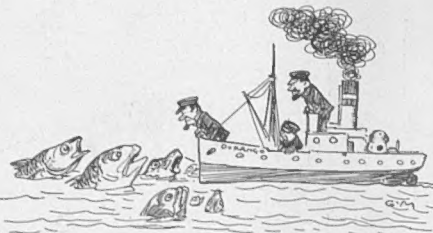
And, talking of weddings, a man in New Britain, Conn., U.S.A., is advertising for a wife whose husband has been hanged or electro-

cuted, so that she may never compare him unfavourably with her first husband. Poor, deluded critter! In moments of expansion she will merely tell him that he is not good enough to be either hanged or electrocuted.

Really these doctors act as if they were on a level with manual labourers,

with their talk about striking against the Insurance Bill. Fortunately, this uppishness can easily be cured by guillotining a short Act through Parliament making the refusal of any doctor to attend Radical voters for nothing punishable with seven years' penal servitude.

S.S. *Durango* has been held up in mid-ocean by a shoal of fish. Probably German fish trying to dispute our sovereignty of the seas.



More *lèse-majesté*. An earthquake has knocked the colossal statue of Germania off the post-office at Constance, and, worse still, has split the Kaiser's ancestral castle of Hohenzollern. The Crown Prince had better have another ten days at Dantzic for setting a bad example.

"Boxing Law" in a headline looks for the moment as if an attempt at peaceful picketing had been made on the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. But, happily, it only refers to the movement against the art of self-defence among Britons.

Atlanta, Ga., wants to start an ordinance regulating the street dresses of women. The town councillors are in for some lively times.

Sir James Crichton Browne must look to it. Dr. Hamer, the L.C.C. Officer of Health, brackets fried fish with the house fly as a possible vehicle of disease. Why not convene a Mass Meeting of Two-Eyed-Steaks in Hyde Park?



## A TWEN-CENT. SYMPOSIUM.

(Ancient Greek banquets, at which elderly gentlemen and ladies, their heads wreathed with laurel, compose verses between the courses, are to be the thing in London this winter.)

When with the Choicer Souls I dine  
Invariably we recline  
On couches (which may have its charm,  
But gives me fidgets in the arm).  
We're draped in robes that, so to speak,  
Are modelled on the Ancient Greek,

Their heads with Girtton-  
knowledge stored.  
It is a chaste symposium.  
(But — Bacche! — makes my  
shoulders numb).

And round our heads a laurel-  
wreath  
Conceals the balditude be-  
neath;  
While ladies grace the Attic  
board,

The feast of reason then  
begins  
(But oh! the needles and the  
pins!)  
Our Master with Pindaric fire  
Invokes the Muses on his lyre,

And as he sweeps the classic  
strings,  
Each one in turn a strophe  
sings,  
Of wine and women hymns  
the praise

In not too  
crudely  
Sapphic  
lays.  
And nothing  
can our  
frenzy  
damp  
(Except the  
unpoetic  
cramp).  
But I regret  
we may not  
sit  
At feasts of  
women,  
wine, and  
wit.





## CORPSES AS HOUSEHOLDERS AND MARCO POLO AS A BUDDHA.



1. EASIER OF TRANSIT THAN THE EYE OF A NEEDLE: A CIRCULAR ARCHWAY BETWEEN TWO STREETS IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD, CANTON, WHERE ONLY THE DECEASED WHO HAVE RICH RELATIVES CAN AFFORD TO REST.

2. A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN TRAVELLER AS A CANONISED CHINESE SAINT: THE IMAGE OF MARCO POLO IN THE HALL OF FIVE HUNDRED BUDDHAS AT CANTON.

3. WHERE THE LIVING PAY RENT FOR THE DEPARTED: A STREET IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD, AT CANTON.

Mr. H. A. Kennedy, to whom we are indebted for these interesting photographs, taken by him not long ago in Canton, writes, with reference to the City of the Dead: "On each side of the street (which has trees and pot-flowers and shrubs down the middle) are 'dwellings,' occupied by the dead as long as the living choose to pay rent for them. On a table just inside the entrance are offerings—tea, etc.—to the dead, who lie further in, in magnificent coffins. The [first] picture shows a guide standing at a curious circular arch leading from one street of this City of the Dead to another." Of the second photograph, Mr. Kennedy says: "Marco Polo, if he went back to Europe and could not be honourably buried or dead-housed in China, could be, and was, canonised, and his image seated in the place of honour in the 'Hall of 500 Buddhas.'" Some further details are given by Mr. T. Hodgson Liddell, in his most interesting book, "China: its Marvel and Mystery." "The City of the Dead," he says, "is a series of temples and mausoleums, where those who can afford it lay their dead in wondrous coffins, sometimes enamelled and decorated, and they are left here until the soothsayer, or fortune-teller, declares where and when they shall be finally laid to rest. . . . Another interesting place is the Temple of Five Hundred Genii. . . . In the central or main hall, five hundred saints or genii are placed in rows, and in front of each is placed the small . . . urn in which those who come to 'chin-chin' their particular joss put the burning joss-sticks. . . . One in particular is pointed out to foreigners, Marco Polo."—[Photographs supplied by H. A. Kennedy.]



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

### The Censor's Little Joke.

Let us hope that M. Louis Tunc and his company have enjoyed the Censor's little joke about "La Vierge Folle." The mere fact that it has cost them a lot of money ought not to spoil their appreciation of it. According to the *Daily Chronicle*, this well-known play was sent in to be licensed at the proper time; but the Censor shirked the responsibility of dealing with it, and forwarded it to his "Advisory Committee"—hence the tears and the delay that upset all the plans for the company's week at the Coronet Theatre. And the joke is that the Advisory Committee has no legal existence, and the Censor has no more right to act upon the opinion of the quaintly chosen gentlemen who compose it than upon the opinion of the beadle of Burlington Arcade or the Cham of Tartary. When I reached the theatre on the Wednesday, lured by the hope of seeing M. Henri Bataille's play, there was a little crowd of people bullying the unfortunate box-office-keeper because the announcement of "La Vierge Folle" was not to be fulfilled; and so the unlucky French company had to play to a wretched house, some members of which were in a bad temper. Let us hope they do not think that the question is one of nationality: there is no breach of the Entente, for the Censor is quite impartial in his mal-administration, so far as foreigners are concerned.

**A Quad-ruple Bill.** In the quad-ruple bill given instead of the anticipated play, the main fault was the length of the intervals. Two of the pieces are not new. "Les Deux Pierrots" bears the name of Rostand, who was to have made a revolution in French drama, and has not.

Such a neat little piece, with glittering, clever verse, and a correct moral, and a nice sense of the theatre—fundamentally rather trite, but one cannot have everything! The acting of Mlle. Rachel Berendt as one Pierrot was quite noteworthy: the resemblance to Bernhardt was really startling, but this, where there are abundant signs of native talent, is hardly regrettable. M. Louis Tunc appeared in the Grand Guignol thriller—a crude work, about a respectable merchant who in a moment of passion killed his wife and hid her body in the safe. His exhibition of emotion, was quite remarkable. Three days had passed, and horror, remorse, and terror had half-killed the man. With wonderful skill and power the actor presented the unhappy creature to us. It was a pity to spend so brilliant a performance upon work of no greater value.

### A French Functionary.

One may feel curious as to the date of one of the quartet, "Le Portefeuille," by M. Octave Mirbeau, for its resemblance is remarkable to the "Crinquebille" of M. Anatole France, which Mr. Arthur Bouchier produced in English at the Garrick a few years ago; however, the resemblance is a matter of no importance. M. Octave

Mirbeau's piece is partly foolish farce, with two or three clever strokes, and partly grim satire on the inequality of the law as between rich and poor. Jean Guenille, a harmless elderly beggar, picks up late at night a portfolio containing ten thousand francs in bank-notes, and hastens with it to the police-station. The Commissaire is surprised, even delighted, by the honesty of the poor devil, and calls him a hero, and promises him a reward when the owner of the portfolio is found; and therefore demands his name, address, and occupation. Name is all right, but the occupation is seriously wrong: nobody ought to beg, everyone ought to work, unless rich enough to live at leisure. Then comes the worst: his *domicile* (not domicile of the international lawyer, but home, address where legal process can be served, and searches or seizures made and taxes collected) is merely a public seat in the Rue d'Anvers! The Commissaire is horrified at a man who defies the law which requires every citizen to have a home, and so the hapless "hero" is bundled off brutally to the cells for his infraction of the law. It is quite an able, amusing play. The acting of M. Louis Tunc as Jean Guenille is superb: he seems to get right below the skin of the part, and show the very self of the slow-witted, garrulous creature, and throughout there is a perfect restraint and lack of self-consciousness. M. Demorange gives a very clever picture of the Commissaire.



THE LADY OF THE BOTTICELLI FACE: A MYSTERIOUS ACTRESS WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "THE MIRACLE," AT OLYMPIA.

This lady, who is described as having a perfect Botticelli face, is to figure prominently in "The Miracle." She is to act under an assumed name—a name still to be chosen.—[Camera-Portrait by Hoffé.]

**Twopence Coloured.** People who complain that the modern dramatist is too chary of plot and strong emotions may well find "Outlawed" to their taste. It is a play by Miss Alice Chapin and

Miss Mabel Collins, produced experimentally at the Court Theatre, and suspected by some—merely on internal evidence—to have been partly written in support of the window-breakers' cause. The very title, "Outlawed," seems to promise plenty of incidents, and the promise is handsomely fulfilled in the somewhat lurid melodrama concerning the young lady who married the villain to save her father from his clutches, and gave him a pretty piece of her mind before all the wedding-guests. It was not one of the cases where the heroine succeeds in making a man of a weak husband—rather the more modern type of melodrama; on the contrary, the villain never repents, and so has to be killed off by an apoplectic fit, after a fight with a brother of the heroine—a young gentleman with an insufficient respect for the laws of property. The heroine, after enough adventures for half-a-dozen ordinary plays, apparently marries a young artist, who was much in love with her throughout the play. There is an engaging air of sincerity in the play and in the efforts to combine drama with little sermons, somewhat unorthodox, on social topics; and it would be unfair not to admit that in some respects it shows ability; but as it stands, "Outlawed" does not exhibit the technical skill necessary in handling such materials.



# FOR THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: THE JAPANESE HELMET HAT. A CHANCE FOR MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.



1. WEARING A HAT MODELLED ON AN OLD JAPANESE HELMET: A PARISIENNE IN ONE OF THE NEW "HELMET" HATS.  
3. DESIGNED AFTER A FAMOUS SIXTH-CENTURY PIECE: A JAPANESE HELMET HAT WORN BY A PARISIENNE.

2. AS WORN BY THE WARRIOR OF OLD JAPAN: THE "BUTTERFLY" HELMET OF BRONZE.  
4. AS WORN BY THE PARISIENNE: THE "BUTTERFLY" HELMET OF THE MILLINER.

The Female of the Species may now look really warlike as well as charming, become still more deadly than the male. French milliners are offering her hats based on the war-helmets of old Japanese warriors, and of those of the fighting men of other countries. They were inspired to this by the exhibition of ancient helmets at the Cernuschi Museum, in Paris.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



TO MARRY MR. REGINALD WINTERBOTHAM TO-MORROW (30TH); THE HON. MRS. FESTING SMITH.

Mrs. Festing Smith is the eldest daughter of Lord Kingsale. She married Mr. Alfred Charles Festing Smith, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (who died in 1908), in 1900, and has a son and two daughters.—[Photo. Kate Pragnell.]

and Princess Nicholas of Duchess Vladimir of Russia, King Manoel, and the Marquis de Soveral. The Queen of Norway and Princess Victoria also patronised "The Count of Luxembourg." So that Greece, Norway, Russia, Portugal, and England have looked royally upon the London stage during the last fortnight. Even the Chinese Minister was thought to smile the other night at Covent Garden! All the first-nights have been crowded, and even for the last night of "Romeo and Juliet" at the New Theatre a good company, including Mrs. Asquith and Mrs. Raymond Asquith and Sir Charles Holroyd, gave a final approval to some passages in Juliet's acting.

Nothing of Lord Kitchener's conversation is at the best of times laconic. Talking is not one of his

SINCE the reappearance of the King and Queen at Covent Garden immediately before their departure, the operas and theatres have had no lack of royalty. Lady Ripon's Opera box, empty of its owner, who is in mourning and in Paris, has been honoured by Princess Henry of Battenberg. Bunty has lifted her charmingly strident voice towards a royal party at the Haymarket. The Queen of Norway has smiled on the picturesqueness of "Kismet," "The Marionettes" have played before the Battenbergs, and "The Quaker Girl" has almost made heretics of Prince

Greece, the Grand Duke and Grand



TO MARRY MISS MILDRED SHERMAN ON DEC. 2; LORD CAMOYS.

Lord Camoys' title was granted to an ancestor who commanded the English left wing at Agincourt. From the time of the second Baron until 1839 it was in abeyance.

Photograph by Lafayette.

and ate like the rest; Captain Smallpiece claims on the public platform that the First Lord of the Admiralty punched his headpiece at Harrow; and Lord Kitchener was reminded by a seeming stranger at Port Said the other day that he was great at fighting sham fights between French and English, with the English always winning, even one to three. That same night Lord Kitchener dined with the King on board the *Medina*, and at the table were several important Frenchmen. Lord Kitchener was as affable as he ever is, and his case was certainly not harder than that of Mr. Frederic Harrison's revolutionary friend who,



TO MARRY LORD CAMOYS ON DECEMBER 2; MISS MILDRED SHERMAN.

Miss Sherman's marriage to Lord Camoys will bring the number of peers with American wives up to eighteen—three Dukes, a Marquess, six Earls, and eight Barons.

Photograph by Record Press.

at a foreign dinner-party, was told by his hostess that she wished to introduce him to the lady he was to take down to dinner. "But," he objected, "it was her husband who condemned me to death." "Oh, that counts for nothing in our house," was the reply, and the order of the table was maintained.

*A Durbarbarian.* It is, perhaps, a pity that no very complete record has been kept or published of visitors to the Durbar. What had seemed at first a meagre company had grown, by the time the last anchor was weighed at Marseilles, into a goodly one. There occurred not a few sudden capitulations to the joyful invitation of a great journey; and one man famous for a capacious wardrobe, hearing of a vacant berth, found himself racing for Marseilles with only one portmanteau



THE AMERICAN TREASURER-GENERAL OF PERSIA AND HIS WIFE; MR. AND MRS. MORGAN SHUSTER IN THEIR CARRIAGE AT TEHERAN.

Mr. Morgan Shuster, the Treasurer-General of Persia, was appointed to that position this year on the recommendation of the President of the United States. To the official acts he has deemed advisable some set down the political crisis in the Shah's dominions. He it was who wished to appoint Major Stokes to organise a revenue gendarmerie in Persia. To this the Russian Government objected, on the ground that the Major would be employed in Northern Persia. The rest is very recent history.

ambitions, but this does not mean that his talk lacks character or interest. It is terse. To a lady who asked him if he kept a diary, he had his brief answer. "I myself," she confided, "write pages and pages every night. I write all about the people I meet, all the secrets they tell me, and just what I think of them. I can never keep to the space allotted me by Mr. Lett." "Oh, I can," answered K. of K.; "for instance, to-night I shall write, 'Dinner, Port Said; said and heard nothing of import.'" Schoolday revelations are in the air. We lately learnt that as a boy Lord Roberts slept

on the rack and a tooth-brush up his sleeve—a Durbarbarian indeed! His endeavours to slink through the Delhi ceremonial unrecognised by smart friends will, one imagines, be almost painful. To other hasty packers the demands of the great week upon their trunks may come as something of a surprise, and the wireless has already been busy with commands for the next ship. Many a Durbar traveller must envy Mr. Henniker Heaton, who now carries in his pocket a well-earned permit from Signor Marconi to send as many wireless words as he likes from any part of the world.



ENGAGED TO MR. HARVEY COMBE MARTIN; MISS OLIVE ROYLE.

Miss Olive Annette Royle is the third daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Royle, and of the Hon. Mrs. Royle, of Rednal, Windsor, and granddaughter of the fourth Viscount Monck.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY MR. EDWARD J. L. BAYLAY TO-DAY (29TH); MISS VIOLET M. BINGHAM. The marriage of Miss Bingham and Mr. Edward J. L. Baylay, Royal Horse Artillery, is to be solemnised to-day at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

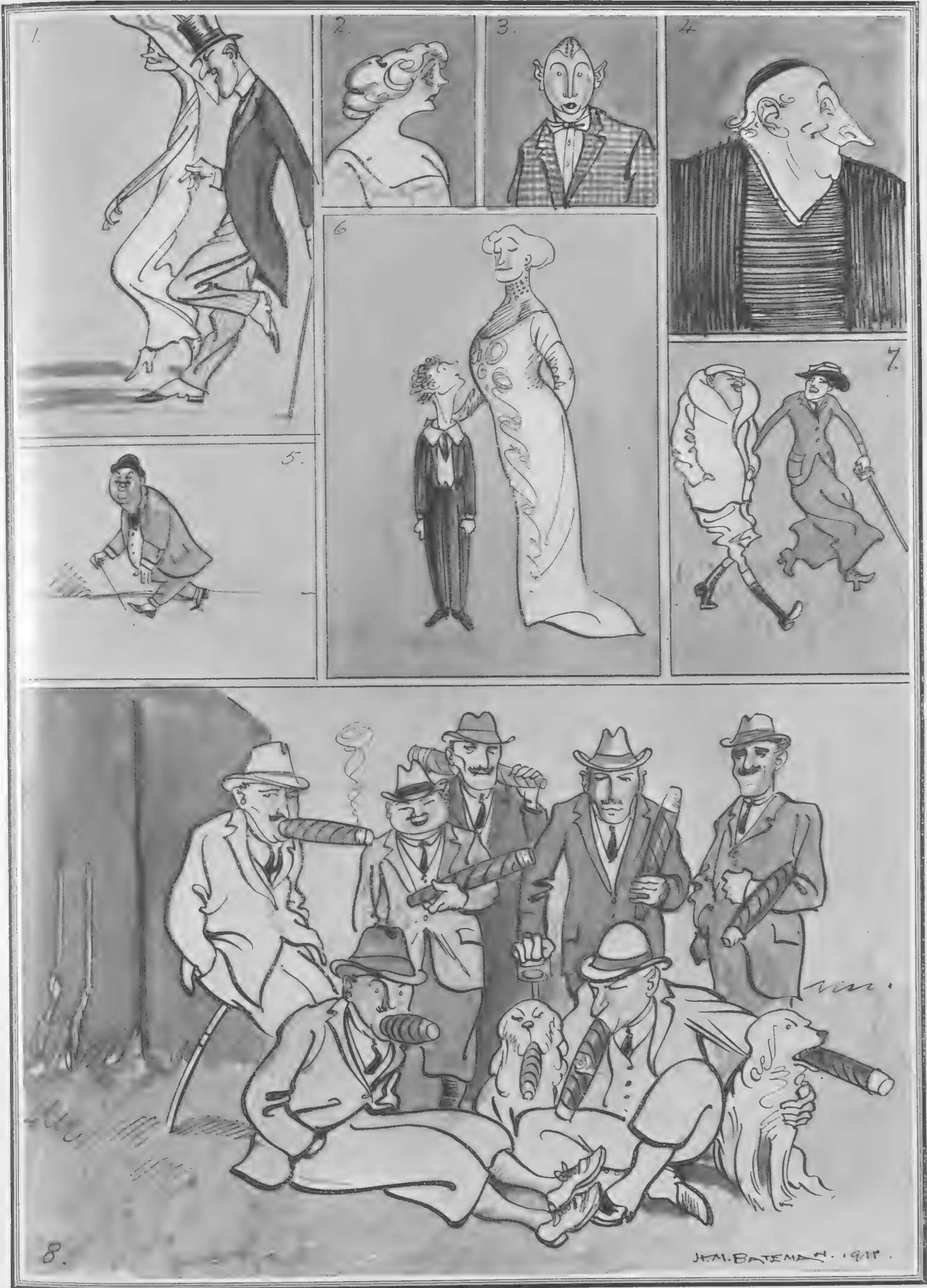


ENGAGED TO MISS OLIVE ROYLE; MR. HARVEY COMBE MARTIN.

Mr. Martin is the youngest son of the late Mr. S. Duffett Martin, and of Mrs. Martin, of 11, Blessington Road, Blackheath.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



According to the Press Photographer. II.—Society.

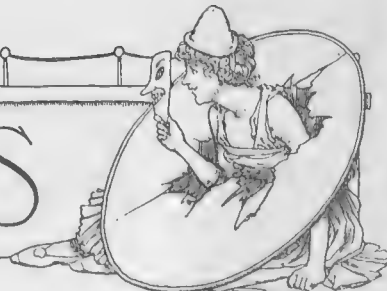


- 1. "LORD AND LADY BLANKDASH AT ASCOT."
- 2. "MISS DAISY DEE, OF THE GAIETY, WHO HAS MARRIED THE EARL OF EXE."
- 3. "THE EARL OF EXE, WHO HAS MARRIED MISS DAISY DEE, OF THE GAIETY."
- 4. "FATHER BLANDISH, WHO IS PREACHING DELICIOUS SERMONS JUST NOW."
- 5. "IN SEARCH OF A WHITE WIFE, PRINCE SINGIN."
- 6. "THE COUNTESS OF ZED AND HER YOUNGEST SON, WHO IS STILL AT ETON."
- 7. "SIR HENRY AND LADY MURIEL DONAUGHT, BENT ON A DAY'S SPORT."
- 8. "THE GUNS AT LORD ELL'S LAST WEEK."

Mr. Bateman, still jealous of the ubiquitous Press photographer, here continues a series begun in these pages with "Golf."



# STAR TURNS



MME. SAHARY DJELI.

TO readers of *The Sketch* the personality of Mme. Sahary Djeli must necessarily be familiar. Her portrait has appeared several times in its pages, now with her supple body bent into exquisite curves, like that of an accomplished contortionist, and again with those wonderful arms, which have made poets out of critics, wound cobra-like about her shoulders or extended to show the beautiful, snake-like undulations of which they are capable. Indeed, it was by serpents that these movements were originally inspired. From the time she was a very little girl Mme. Sahary Djeli was fascinated by the creature which we have it on authority "was more subtle than any beast of the field." She would lie for hours with unflinching interest and amusement and watch their undulations, until at length the idea came to her that she could reproduce the same wonderful rhythm with her arms. Where she lived at that time is a fact enshrouded in mystery. It has been suggested that it was in some remote part of India and, again, that it was in Algeria that the days of her childhood were spent. Were anyone to ask her for direct information on this point she would smile the enigmatical smile which has helped to win for her the sobriquet of "La Femme Mystérieuse" wherever she has appeared, and reply that she does not remember where she was born—a statement which everyone can make with perfect truth.



COMPOSER OF "DIE KÖNIGSKINDER," PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN THIS WEEK: M. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

M. Humperdinck is best known to British audiences for his "Hänsel und Gretel." "Die Königs-Kinder" was written in 1896, and was first produced in New York in 1905 and 1906. M. Humperdinck was born at Siegburg in September 1854.

Photograph by E. O. Hoffé.

In an artist, however, a birth-place, like a birth-date, is an unnecessary detail. We can take it for granted that she was born somewhere and somewhere. What does matter is the art which the artist produces, and, as everyone knows, the art of Sahary Djeli is essentially distinctive. As an eminent French critic wrote, when she appeared in Salome, "There are dancers and dancers, but there is only one Sahary Djeli."

The wonderful sinuosity she exhibits did not come to her without that suffering which proves the truth of the proverb that the paths of art are hard. Stories have been told of the way in which her arms and legs were bound for hours at a time, in the most torturing positions, when she was a child, in order to develop that suppleness in her joints without which it would be impossible for her to give those remarkable exhibitions which delight the spectator and demonstrate the extraordinary degree of perfection of movement of which the human body is capable.

Just as she enshrouds her birthplace in mystery, so Madame Sahary Djeli refuses to reveal any part of the story of her life before she made her début on the public stage of the Marigny Theatre, in Paris, some three years ago. Like a modern Salome, she has wrapped seven veils about her, but, unlike that famous Oriental courtesan, she refuses to remove a single one of them at the entreaty of the journalist—if one can imagine any journalist in the world representing Herod the Tetrarch.

It is a remarkable fact that her first dance, which she did in Paris, was not only invented by herself, but she composed the music for it. Like most of her dances, it was Oriental in character and sacred in expression. After a time she gave a soirée one evening, and on a raised platform in the open air, to the accompaniment of an orchestra of eight harps—the music of which she loves—she performed the dance which she had invented. M. Molier, the organiser of the greatest amateur circus in the world, who gives an entertainment at his private circus once every year at which "All Paris" is seen, was so struck with it that he begged Mme. Sahary Djeli to appear in his company. There the director of the Marigny Theatre saw her, and persuaded her to make her début at that house. In due course, M. Xanrof, the famous French author and playwright, happened to see her, and was so impressed by her performance of her Hindu dance that he at once determined to write a new version of the Salome story to include the Dance of the Seven Veils, which he believed was the very thing for her. Mme. Sahary Djeli surpassed all expectations, and for a long time was the rage of both men and women on the Continent. After Paris, she appeared as Salome in Brussels, and then returned to Paris before she came to the Hippodrome early in the year. Altogether, up to now, she has appeared as Salome four hundred and sixty-four times.



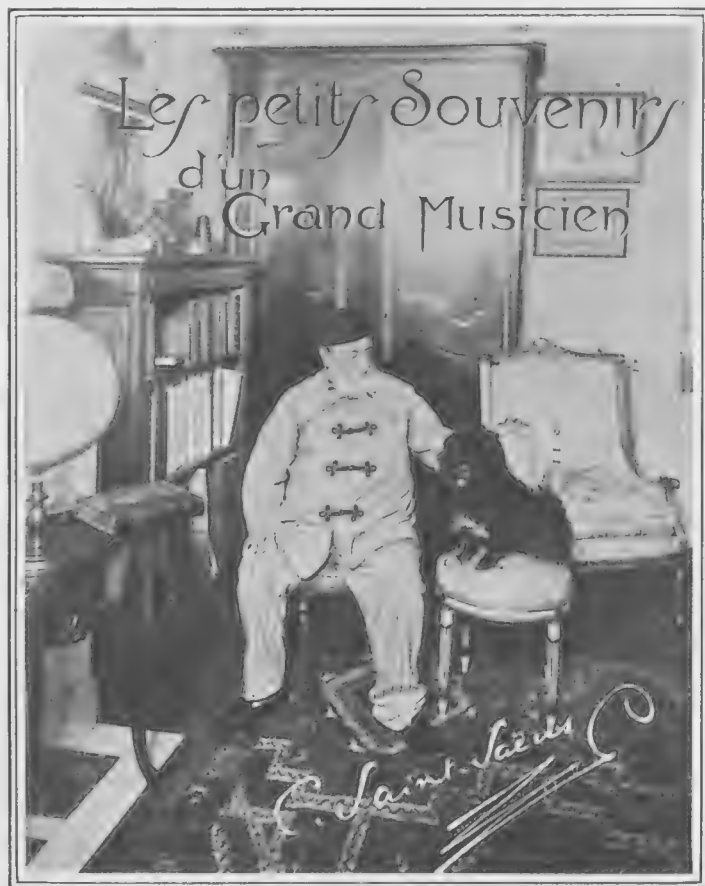
THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS?" ACCIDENTALLY SHOT WHILE PHEASANT-SHOOTING: M. HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

M. Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis?" with an operatic version of which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein opened the London Opera House, was accidentally shot the other day while pheasant-shooting near Warsaw. Fortunately, he was not seriously injured.

Photograph by Topham.

In the inception stage of all her dances she relies on the inspiration of the music. Then she studies the history of the dance in the country in which the scene is laid, and, remarkable as it may seem, she has invariably found that her inspiration has been perfectly correct. It should be remembered, however, that, before she does any dance, she has always visited the country in order to steep herself in its atmosphere and thus obtain as much knowledge as possible from her own observation of the people, their habits, movements, etc.

Although she has hitherto appeared only in Oriental dances, it must not be supposed that she limits herself to them. Such a supposition would, indeed, lessen every ideal she holds as an artist. She believes that the artist's soul will respond instinctively to the expression of the most varied emotions, and to the representation of the characteristics of the most different peoples of the earth, although the average manager believes to the contrary, and would limit the expression of each artist to the narrow groove in which he has been seen to work on a special occasion. Although "Syria," at the Hippodrome, is in the early days of its success, M. Xanrof has already written a new piece for Mme. Sahary Djeli. It is called the "Crâneuse," and, so far from being Oriental in character, its action is laid in the Apache country, while it offers no opportunities for dancing, but great ones for the display of emotion by means of pantomime.



COMPOSER OF THE OPERA WHICH HAS HERCULES AS ITS HERO: M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, WHOSE "DÉJANIRE" HAS JUST BEEN PRODUCED IN PARIS.

"Déjanire," a work by the famous composer Camille Saint-Saëns, was first heard in the open-air arena of Béziers thirteen years ago, and had then a libretto in the form of a declamatory tragedy. Later, after the death of M. Louis Gallet, M. Camille Saint-Saëns himself cut down that author's original libretto, making it suitable for a lyric drama, and recast some of its music. In its new form the work was presented at Monte Carlo in March last; now it has been heard in Paris for the first time. Our illustration formed the frontispiece of an article on the Master, which was published recently in a Parisian journal.



SEE PAGE 117!



THE TOURIST (*quoting from his "Pocket Dictionary of Useful Phrases" [Mountaineering Section] and crying aloud*): "Are we at the top? Yes, we are at the top. Shall I come up? Shall I descend?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



MAKING THE SPURT OF FLAME FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE TINY CANNON: AN ELECTRICIAN FLASHING SMALL ELECTRIC LAMPS ON THE "BIG GUNS" Muzzles DURING THE NAVAL BATTLE.

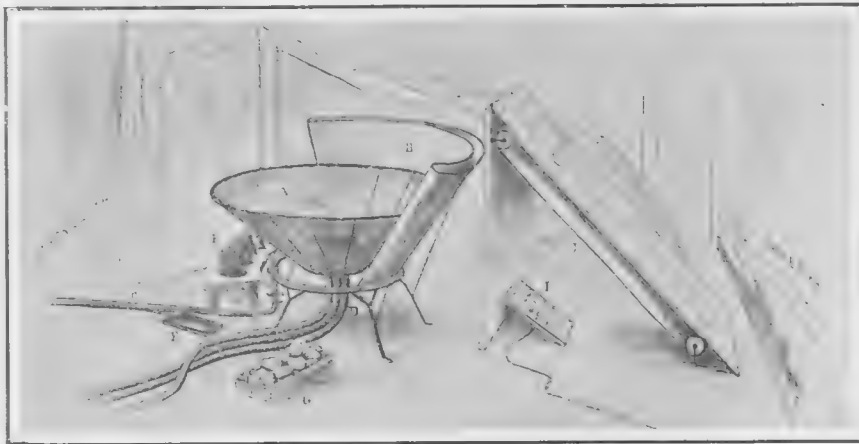
## MAN-MADE: A VOLCANIC ERUPTION AND A NAVAL BATTLE.

the air, to fall back on to the sides of the volcano. Similarly, steam is turned into the narrow double funnel by the pipe (c), and is blown up by the compressed air; while, to intensify the effect of the "belching fire and smoke," Bengal fires in a plate (f), and other fireworks in the interior of the crater are burnt, and the revolving cloth in front of the red electric lamps gives the effect of molten lava



MANOEUVRING A JAPANESE CRUISER: THE VESSEL STEAMING ALONG ON THE SHOULDERS OF TWO MEN—A BOX IN THE CENTRE YIELDING SMOKE—DURING THE NAVAL BATTLE.

TWO remarkable stage-effects are being realised at the Châtelet, in Paris—the eruption of a volcano, and a naval battle. Behind the scenery which represents the rugged opening of the circular crater of the volcano is a funnel-shaped hopper of steel wire (A) with a diameter of between four and five feet at the top. At the bottom it is connected with pipes (D) which carry compressed air. In front of this hopper, nearer the footlights, is a larger one (B), made of sheet-iron and, instead of being open, doubled on itself, so that it



A VOLCANIC ERUPTION ON THE STAGE: THE HIDDEN DEVICES WHICH WORK IT.  
(See Article.)

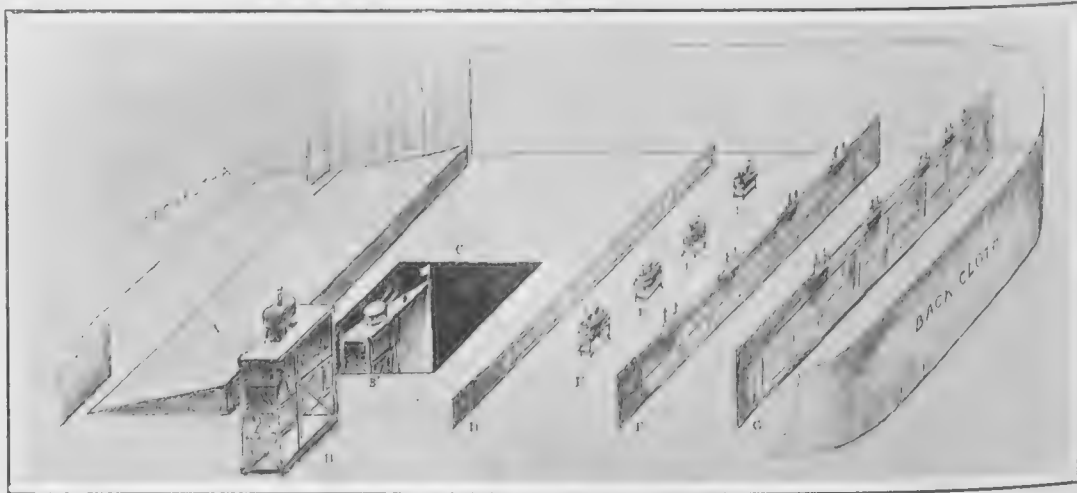
flowing down the mountain. Every volcanic eruption is, naturally, preceded by rumblings and noises. These are produced by large drums placed under the stage, and vigorously pounded. Equally simple are the means of realising the naval battle. The stage is encircled with scenery representing the sky, with mist and cloud effects. Between the background and the footlights are rows of painted canvas sea. Affixed to the farthest row (G) are five little immovable wooden men-of-war, about half-a-yard in length. These are



THE NOISE OF THE NAVAL BATTLE: ACTORS—OFF THE STAGE FOR A MOMENT—MAKING THE CANNONADE.

the reserves in the far distance. On the next row (F) are ships about a yard and a quarter long. These can be moved, and their guns are fired by a man armed with an electric machine which makes a flash at the mouth of the "cannon" as he turns on the current. Between the first and second rows of the sea, the ships (E) are about seven feet long, and are each fixed on a machine of sufficient height to show them above the level of the ocean (at D). This machine runs on wheels, and is manipulated by two men concealed within it. One works the machinery, and the other the electrical device for firing the guns, while the smoke from the funnels is obtained by burning paper. A represents waves; B and B<sub>1</sub> are frameworks representing part of a cruiser in the foreground; C is a trap in the stage.

forms a narrow semicircular tube. It is connected with a boiler generating steam, which represents the smoke of the burning mountain. Fixed from the highest point of the "crater" on to the stage itself are bits of sloping scenery made of a transparent medium (H). Behind it, on two rollers, so that it revolves continuously on the "endless-chain" principle, is a cloth (J) painted to represent red-hot lava, the colour being projected on to the scenery by means of twenty-four red electric lamps placed behind it (I). Behind the wire hopper are cones (E) for the supply of the smoke. When the time comes for the volcano to "erupt," sponges of different sizes (G), painted red and grey, to represent bits of rock and stone, are put into the hopper, with pieces of paper to represent the scoriæ. Then the compressed air is turned on, and the sponges and the paper are hurled high up into



THE WORKING OF THE NAVAL BATTLE: THE DISPOSITION OF THE WARSHIPS AND THE SCENERY.  
(See Article.)



## A NAVAL BATTLE AND A VOLCANIC ERUPTION ON THE STAGE.



1. WARSHIPS CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF MEN WALKING BETWEEN PAINTED WAVES; A NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE FLEETS AS REPRESENTED AT THE CHÂTELET.

2. WITH FLYING ROCKS OF PAINTED SPONGES, DÉBRIS OF PAPER, AND LAVA OF LAMP-LIT CANVAS; A VOLCANIC ERUPTION AS REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE OF THE CHÂTELET.

We give on this page illustrations of the two stage illusions the working of which is described on another page. These illusions are so complete that it will come as a surprise to some to realise with what comparative ease they are produced; but it must not be forgotten that, though the means adopted are simple, it required very considerable knowledge of stagecraft and the limitations of the theatre to devise them in such a way that the representations might be as true as the conditions permitted. With regard to the carrying of the war-vessels on the shoulders of men, it will be recalled that at the old Naval Exhibition in London each warship in the naval display was on the shoulders of a man who was in the water up to his neck, with head and arms inside the vessel. When a somewhat similar display was given at Olympia a few years back, the size of the building made it possible to have each model ship large enough to carry a sitting man. This man manœuvred the vessel, fired pistols to represent the gun-fire, pulled the strings which broke the masts apparently hit by the enemy's fire, and so on.



THE PROTECTOR OF KINGS—AND OF THEIR PECULIARITIES.\*

**All the Necessary Measures.**

M. Xavier Paoli has not been called the Protector of Kings without ample justification. For a quarter of a century he received such instructions as those which constituted him temporary guardian of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria three years before her assassination. The Chief Commissioner of the French Detective Service wrote to him:

"I have the honour to inform you that H.I.M. the Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary, travelling in the strictest incognito under the name of *Countess Hohenembs* and proceeding to Aix-les-Bains, will arrive at the railway-station at Geneva on the 10th of September, 1895 at 8.45 a.m." Then followed a list of the imperial suite, from the Master of the Horse and the Greek Reader to the men-servants, details as to the Empress' luggage, and, finally, the order: "I hereby instruct you to ensure the safety of her Imperial Majesty during her stay in French territory, to take all the necessary measures for the purpose, and also to see that her incognito is scrupulously respected." "All the necessary measures": those were M. Paoli's affair when royalty was in Republican France. The phrase

drop their cloak. It was remembered that General von Berzeviczy, the Empress's Chamberlain, occupied one of the highest ranks in the Knighthood of Malta. He was therefore asked to drop his cloak in the billiard-room. Thenceforward, every Sunday morning, the Empress's footman put up a portable altar in front of the tall oak chimney-piece . . . and the old Rector of Roquebrune came and said Mass."

**King Alfonso as a Woman.**

When King Alfonso was added to M. Paoli's collection a strange incident came under the Protector's notice. His Majesty was being attended by Dr. Moure, of Bordeaux, for the operation on his nose. The doctor was awaiting his patient in a room at the Miramar Palace when the door opened and there entered "a most respectable lady, dressed in silk flounces and wearing a wig and spectacles." The doctor bowed, and received a deep curtsy. Then, "suddenly a great burst of laughter shook the venerable dowager's frame from head to foot, her spectacles fell from her nose, her wig dropped off likewise . . . It was the King!"

MR. ROBERT HICHENS, WHOSE NOVEL, "BELLA DONNA," HAS BEEN DRAMATISED FOR THE ST. JAMES'S BY MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

covered precautions obvious and extraordinary, the enmeshing of the honoured guest in a net of guards at once effective and invisible, the watching of persons classed as dangerous, the planning of "safe" excursions, the polish of a courtier with the knowledge of a Sherlock Holmes and the powers of a Lépine, the perfections of the exceptional courier, and the hard facts of the Baedeker—everything, in fact, save the impossible, the prevention of those tragic happenings against which none but the Police of Heaven can prevail.

**Consecrating a Billiard-Room.**

So M. Paoli has passed an official life of much anxiety, but of great value and interest, a life in which he has gathered innumerable memories, some to tell, some to keep discreetly locked in his brain, some tragic, some comic, some curious. There is that, for example, of the Empress Elizabeth and the Greek Reader: "The young Greek's duties . . . were not confined to talking to the Empress on her walks. Sometimes the reader would read . . . He also carried on his arm a dark garment—a skirt, to be exact. The Empress had the habit, in the course of her long walks, of changing the skirt in which she had started for one made of a lighter material. It was a question of health and comfort. This little change of attire was effected in the most primitive fashion. The Empress would disappear behind a rock or a tree, while the reader . . . waited in the road. . . . The Empress handed him the skirt which she had cast off; and the walk was resumed." There is that, too, of the turning of the billiard-room of the Cap Martin Hotel into a chapel each Sunday. "The rites of the Church require that every room in which Mass is said should first be consecrated; and none save the Bishop of the diocese is qualified to perform the consecration. A ceremony of this kind in an hotel billiard-room would have been rather embarrassing. The difficulty was overcome in a curious and unexpected manner. There is an old rule by virtue of which the great dignitaries of the religious Order of Malta enjoy the privilege of consecrating any room in which they



LADY ANGELA FORBES, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "PENELOPE'S PROGRESS," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Lady Angela Forbes, then Lady Angela Selina Blanche St. Clair-Erskine, married Lieutenant-Colonel James Stewart Forbes in 1896. She is the youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn and sister of the present Earl and of the Duchess of Sutherland. She was born in 1876.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

**A Shah and His "Set."**

Muzaffr-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, provided a sensation of a different nature. The Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia paid him a visit at Contrexéville, and was charmed with his delicate attentions, and began to congratulate herself on the pleasant surprise Persian civilisation had caused her, "when—we had hardly sat down to table—a Chamberlain went up to the King of Kings, bowed low, and handed him a gold salver, on which lay a queer-looking and, at first, indescribable object. . . . The Shah, without blinking, carelessly put out his hand, took the thing between his fingers, and, with an easy and familiar movement, inserted it in his jaw: it was a set of false teeth!"

**King Edward VII.: A Superstition and a Tradition.**

Of King Edward VII., M. Paoli recalls two things which may be quoted. "Hawkins, the second valet, was an Englishman. . . . One of his chief duties was to make the royal bed. He was better acquainted than anyone with the King's habits and tastes: he knew, for instance, that his Majesty's mattress must never be turned on a Friday. This was a curious superstition of the King's . . . he always had a presentiment that Friday would be a fatal day for him." And he died on a Friday; some say, his mattress having been turned, to ease him. There was another little peculiarity M. Paoli noted. "All the King's overcoats had a little white silk cross stitched on the lining, just beneath the collar. It appears that this was the compulsory badge worn by the Knights of Malta, whose traditions were respected by the King in his capacity as Grand Master of the Order."

**Coal in a King's Luggage.**

There was the King of Cambodia, also. Amongst his luggage, when he arrived at Marseilles, were sacks of coal, for "the Cambodians, fearing lest they should fail to find in Europe the coal which they use to cook their rice, had insisted, at all costs, on bringing with them two hundred sacks." Thus, one might quote for many columns, and still leave many fascinating facts unmentioned.

\* "My Royal Clients." By Xavier Paoli, Late Special Commissary attached to the Paris Detective Service. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. net.)



FIGURING IT OUT.



THE WIFE: Now, this is the third time in twenty-four days that you've come home like this.

Oh, lord! Now she's gone' to start shtatistics.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE QUESTION.

By MARIAN BOWER.

A MAN walked slowly along the line of planks, laid lengthways, side by side, which did duty for a footpath at Kentville on the Lake, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Every now and then, the tapping made by his heels on the dry timber ceased, as he paused to look in, first at one and then at another, of the line of summer cottages, built of wood also, which were dotted down before the dusty white track; and he turned himself about and waited a moment, with his eyes fixed, with so intent a look that it was almost a stare, on the great still lake which lay, a vast sheet of water sweeping down to the horizon, on the other hand. At length, when the ground began to rise quickly, he came to the last dwelling in the row. Before it was a belt of trees and then the lake. It had a strip of garden—a yard it was called locally—and in that little patch grew roses and pinks, and over the wooden porch, which in every other case was left severely plain, trailed a jasmine, its white, star-like flowers just beginning to give off their evening fragrance.

"Nathalie," muttered this man to himself, "always loved flowers."

He opened the gate, tramped up the little walk. He looked in at the open door, saw how simply furnished was the living-room and that yet it had a certain daintiness about it.

"Nathalie could make anything nice," he said this time.

He stood still for a moment after that reflection. Not a sound came to him, not a human being seemed to be astir; there did not seem to be as much as a single dog among all the ten houses. He took off his hat, wiped his high forehead. Behind him the heat shimmered and glittered as the summer does in this great land, until suddenly the atmosphere was tempered by a breath off the lake.

The man shivered as the breeze touched him, though it could but be refreshing.

"Nathalie must know at once that I am here," he said to himself.

He put up his hand to ring the bell, but finding none, he stepped into the porch.

"Does Mrs. Dourst live here?" he called.

His voice echoed in the silence; the jasmine suddenly dipped, and a spray fell between him and the high light without.

He turned and looked at it; spoke to it as if it were human and could understand.

"I have my duty to do," he said to it; "you know that it is my duty."

He went on after that into the living-room. There was just one luxurious piece of furniture—a wide sofa plentifully supplied with cushions.

The man went up to it, laid his hand—that hand had ominous blue marks all round the wrists—on it.

"Nathalie always loved her ease," he said.

The next moment he called again, asking if Mrs. Dourst lived in this house.

This time he was answered by a sturdy girl, the "help" of the establishment.

"Mrs. Dourst is across the road in the trees by the lake," she said to him, and, having given him her information as laconically as she could, she went back into what the man who looked after her took to be the kitchen.

He went out of the room, through the porch, and he brushed the jasmine aside as he went; he went on, down the strip of garden, over that dusty road, and into the belt where the maple-trees grew thick and the sumach was already showing its tufts of crimson flowers, and the water of the lake lapped at the feet of all this greenness. He was only just within the shadow and the coolness when he saw a hammock.

"Nathalie always loved her ease," he muttered.

He pulled up; for one second it seemed as if he meant to turn about and leave that hammock and the woman in it, and then, other thoughts prevailing, he made for a mound with a single tree on it. He stood up on it. To the right of him was a little landing-stage, and one—no, two—boats moored by it; then came the expanse of the lake with the summer light on it, and over the glory of the blue sky, of the blue water, just a soft haze of gold, which this man took to be the herald of sunset.

The man looked over into the hammock. The woman within it was sleeping.

"Nathalie always slept like a little child," he said to himself. He began to call, "Nathalie! Nathalie!"

The woman first stirred, then opened her eyes, then she sat up with a jerk. She saw the man before her. There was a pause—such stillness as can be felt.

"It is you, Michael Sturnoff," said Nathalie at length.

"It is I, Nathalie," this man answered.

She put her foot over the hammock, tipped it sideways, got out. It swung back into place and left her standing there, very slim, taller than the average woman, with eyes—those pre-eminently Slavonic eyes—that were gray yet flecked with gold, and with her face as white as the simple summer frock she wore.

"You have tracked me down," she said.

"Yes," answered Michael.

"And you have come for me?" she went on.

"Yes," answered Michael.

Nathalie nodded. She looked through an opening to where she could see the jasmine-wreathed porch—there was no help from there; she looked at the lake—there was no help from there.

She drew herself up very straight.

"I have been happy for three years," she told the man before her. "Each year contains three hundred and sixty-five days. Nothing you can do now can take from me those three hundred and sixty-five days multiplied by three."

Michael's lips twitched.

"Nathalie," he cried, "you have always had the best out of life."

"And now," concluded the woman in white, "you wish to tell me that I must pay the price."

"You must pay the price," echoed Michael, and his voice had that hushed, toneless sound which tells those who know of the horrors of a Russian fortress, of solitary confinement.

He came down from the mound; he stood before Nathalie.

"You are condemned," he said. "You know why. You offended; your sentence is just."

Nathalie looked again to the little cottage, to a little window with its simple dimity curtains hanging out, and she thought of all that had been pressed into her life since she hid herself there.

"Ciel!" she said, and she threw her avowal at the man looking at her. "Was ever a woman as happy as I have been there?"

Michael jerked forward.

"You have not been alone?" he ground out.

Nathalie smiled a very fine smile.

"No," she answered; "the only man I ever loved has been with me all the time. He is my husband. I am his wife. See!" and she held out her left hand. "Look for yourself. There is the symbol of our union."

She knew what she had done; she had done it deliberately. She might have to die, but she had told the man who had come to take her life the bitterest thing he could hear.

Michael's head went down. He shivered again as if an ice-wind had touched him.

It was Nathalie who spoke next.

"How am I to die?" she asked.

"Nathalie," wailed Michael, "why did you betray me to the Muscovite Government? Why did you break your oath to the Society? Why did you deliberately sell me to imprisonment worse than death?"

The tall woman looked back into the man's lined face.

"You are right," she admitted; "I betrayed you."

There was no remorse in the statement, only the bare admission.

The water rippled as she said that, sucked against the landing-stage, just set the two boats joggling one against the other; the wind, light as a feather, fluttered against the trees, and set each of the delicate maple-leaves dancing on its slender stalk.

Michael looked at the woman waiting for his glance.

"By heaven," he ground out; "you make no excuse!"

"I make no excuse," Nathalie repeated. "Tell me how I must die."

Michael turned to the boats. He had a knife in his jacket, a revolver in his hip-pocket. He thought neither of one nor of the other. He only saw that the larger of the craft had a cushion in it, half-red and half-yellow, that that boat had a pair of oars in it, a rug on the seat, a strip of carpet on the flooring, and that the other

[Continued overleaf.]



*A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.*



IX.—TRAINING THE YOUNG BEAN TO CLIMB.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

boat—the smaller, narrower one—had no woman's trifles in it—and no oars either. It was tied to the other, to that with the cushions in it.

Michael looked long at the two craft. Nathalie never moved; a great furry white caterpillar let itself down from the tree above her head, then rolled its body into a white ball just level with her line of vision; then great locusts began to croak in the grass; the clock of the church up in the village farther along struck one sharp stroke, and as it ceased the sound was taken up by another bell, ringing sonorously, melodiously—the bell on the great locomotive uttering its warning note as it raced along the open track from Montreal to Vancouver.

When the train had passed Michael came nearer to Nathalie.

"There are two boats there," he said; "I think—if I row you out —"

"And," thrust in the woman, "if you leave me without oars and come back in the other—"

"Exactly," answered Michael.

Nathalie put out her hand, she gathered up her dress, she reached over into the hammock, she took out her red sunshade.

"Shall I go first?" she said.

"That," jerked out Michael, "gives you a chance. A passing steamer might pick you up. Don't you see that I am merciful?"

"Just so," answered Nathalie, but she looked up at the sky. White, fleecy streaks were sketching themselves over the blue. There was wind ahead. She began to go down the strip of path. She trod carefully, not timorously.

She went on to the landing-stage, she put her hand on the rail.

"In which boat do I go?" she asked.

Michael came up beside her. He looked again at the two empty craft. "The small one," was the answer it would suit him the best to make, but his glance fell on that cushion, half red, half orange, and it was balanced on the edge so that one of its superfluous frills all but dipped into the water.

"Get into the one with the cushion," he cried harshly.

The tall woman just inclined her head, she lowered her sunshade, she walked along the length of the stage, with the water showing in dark lines between the boards. She came to the two steps that led down to the level of the lake, but there she waited, for a sudden gust blew up and set the lake bounding against the posts of the steps, and made the boats rock until the red frill dipped right into the water this time.

Michael shot out a sharp inquiry.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"The wind is going to get up," answered Nathalie.

"It will diminish your chances," he muttered.

The woman only smiled.

"I will get into the larger boat," she said, as soon as the swell subsided.

She turned about; she motioned to him to go down before her.

"If I am to get in there," she said, and she indicated with the point of her sunshade where she was prepared to sit, "you had better row me out in the skiff. When you think you have gone far enough you can cut the rope and return."

"That would be the better way," Michael acquiesced.

"Then," went on Nathalie, "remove the oars before I get in."

Without another word Michael stepped into the larger boat. He took up first one oar, then the other. He leaned over and laid them ready in the skiff. He turned about, he stood upright, a dark outline against the brilliant light; then, suddenly, he bent again—he shook out the cushion, placed it squarely back with a tiller-rope laid carefully each side of it; he even folded down a corner of the carpet which had come up.

Then, while his back was bent, a sudden darkness skimmed over the water, as if a length of grey were suddenly trailed across it, and as it swept along, the lake rose behind it, lifted itself in one great, dark roll.

"The wind," warned Nathalie. "Take care. Hold on."

Michael grasped the swaying craft either side. It swung like a pendulum, first to right, then to left. When the oscillations were mere shakings he lifted himself, looked before him.

The water that had been all blue was white now. He looked higher; the sky that had been so cloudless was crossed, down on the horizon, with a band of darkness, edged with a rim of vivid crimson, which in its turn faded into a sulphurous yellow.

"Is a storm coming?" asked Michael.

"No," answered Nathalie; "a hurricane."

"Then," he wound up, "you will have no chance."

He looked round at her. She put out her hand.

"Help me down," she said. "I had better get in while it is still calm."

The man, standing upright in the boat, put out his hand; the tall woman in the white gown, with the great eyes and the wealth of dark hair, laid hers in his.

They stood a moment so.

Then her touch intoxicated Michael, drove him into saying the very last thing he had meant to say.

"Nathalie," he blurted out, "I love you. I have always loved you!"

The woman who heard him lifted her slim fingers.

Michael leaned farther over, caught them again. "Nathalie," he demanded, "why did you betray me, when I loved you so?"

For a moment there was no answer to his urgent appeal. A maple-leaf, splashed already with the first of its autumn tints, fell from the tree above their heads, and fluttered down on to the cushion, its blotch of yellow hardly less vivid than the yellow in the covering.

Nathalie watched it fall; she smiled at it as it came whirling down stem over tip. When it rested in the boat she turned to the man looking at her. She drew herself up, her chin showed a sharp line, her eyes suddenly glowed, a spark of vivid light blazed in each one of them.

"Why did I betray you, Michael Sturnoff?" she answered. "To save the man I loved."

Michael laughed with a squealing note. The wind came again; it pulled at the ropes, sent the boats lurching one against the other; it lifted the maple-leaf, sent it down into the lake, sent it swimming out towards the darkness—just a speck of orange and green.

When the gust was stilled again, Nathalie looked at Michael.

"We have no time to lose," she said, "if you are to return safely."

"Get in, then," he answered brutally.

"Michael," said Nathalie, and she leaned over on her sunshade that she might look straight into his eyes, "before I go, I will ask you a question."

"What?" he asked sharply.

"Who," went on Nathalie, and she smiled again, "were you going, not to betray, but to accuse falsely, had I not been the first with you?"

The man who heard opened his mouth as if he had suddenly lost control of his jaw.

"No one," he mumbled.

Nathalie kept on looking at him over the handle of her sunshade.

"That is a lie, and you know it," she persisted.

"No——" began Michael.

The woman silenced him with an imperious movement of her right hand.

"You know," she went on, "that the truth is that you were about to trump up a false accusation against the man I loved, that he might be out of your way. He would never join the Society, he would never conspire against the authorities, yet, to serve your own ends, you meant to denounce him to the police of the Third Section. I learned of your intention; I forestalled you. Which of us," and Nathalie flung back her head and looked at the sky with the hurricane darkening it, "is the more worthy to go out in that boat—you or I?"

Michael heard the vibrating voice. He tried to cry out that what she said was not true. He opened his lips, but not one word would they utter; he threw back his head, swallowed, and his tongue grew dry.

"Which of us two is the worthier to go out in that boat?" asked Nathalie again.

Michael shivered. In the village that clock in the church-steeple struck the hour; suddenly a voice, a man's voice, rose singing for the very joy of being alive.

"Be quick," urged Nathalie, when she heard the song; "which of us is the worthier to live?"

"Is it he?" hissed Michael.

"It is the man I love—the man for whose sake I did not hesitate to send you to Siberia," answered Nathalie.

"He will come to look for you," went on Michael.

"He will come to look for me here," answered Nathalie.

Michael lowered his head. The voice went on, thrilling as it came nearer. Nathalie stood motionless, looking over her sunshade. The darkness was drawing along the sky, until the sun, which still shone, looked out from it as if it were a shutter but half-closed.

Michael stooped lower, and yet lower. His back was all at once the back of a man bowed with care. He put out his arm; he laid hold of one oar, then of the other. He lifted them back into the boat with the yellow cushion crossed with red. He sank stiffly down on to the rowing-bench; he brought out his knife.

"Nathalie," he said, "I am going to cut the rope."

The singing ceased. The door of the cottage banged in the breeze.

"He will come to look for me," said Nathalie.

Michael took up the oars.

"Does he love you as I love you?" asked Michael.

He dipped the oars one by one into the water, waited, with the spray dropping from them like rain of silver, until she answered.

"Michael Sturnoff," answered Nathalie, "he loves me even as you love me."

"And you?" ground out Michael.

"I," answered Nathalie, "have never loved anyone but him."

Michael let his head fall on to his chest. He thrust the oars back into the water, he sent the boat bounding along. The breeze came up, caught it, drove it on. Nathalie watched; never once did the man rowing as much as look over his shoulder.

She stood still, waiting. The singing began again, and as it came nearer with each note Nathalie began to smile, and when it was close to the maple-trees and the water she turned about, and, with the tears in her eyes at last, she went to meet the voice and the man who sang the song.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## The Coming of Winter.

It turned out very well indeed when last week I began to nibble at the subject of winter apparel and general fitments for the links by dealing with the matter of the golfer's boots and shoes which, with signs of a change in the general trend of the weather, needed some new consideration. Two or three days before my observations fulfilled their destiny, there was a deluge of rain in different parts of the country, and there was the strange spectacle at Coombe Wood of Alexander Herd and Tom Williamson, playing a match there, having no hole to putt at when playing to the fourth, the hole that was once there being under water, so they agreed to a half and passed on their way. For my own poor part I found myself playing in the Midlands in storms and blizzards, and then the mercury in both thermometer and barometer began to sink, frost hardened many links, and snow covered some of them in Scotland and Wales. So now we have the winter kind of golf to play, and must be prepared for it. The change is not wholly disagreeable. Men on Southern links last Tuesday and Wednesday, when there was a keen nip in the air, felt a fine feeling of sparkling life in them.

## Clothes for the Time.

So it happens that the men are beginning to get out their heavy golfing clothes; and in certain cases are considering the purchase of new ones. This is a question which, like that of the golfer's foot-wear, needs to be taken in hand with some good thought and a realisation of the circumstances and needs of the time. It is very easy to put on thick and heavy clothes, but not so easy to gain looseness of limb and freedom of movement at the same time. Hard cloths for winter golfing suits should be avoided. Harris tweed is excellent, but one of the best winter sets of golfing togs that I ever had was made of Kenmare homespun, which seemed thick enough to serve for overcoating purposes, but yet was so soft and flexible that it hampered the arms and body generally in the execution of their duty no

A very good dodge is to have an extra button placed on the cuff some inches away from the slit where the normal buttoning is done, so that the end buttonhole of the said cuff will fasten on to it tightly, preventing the cuff from flapping about. The wrist is kept warm and the cold air is shut out from the sleeve.

## Importance of Warm Wrists.

Not many players realise how very important it is that the wrists should be kept warm when playing. It is not so much for the sake of the wrists as because the arteries that feed the hands and fingers are protected, and so the hands themselves are kept warm. A few

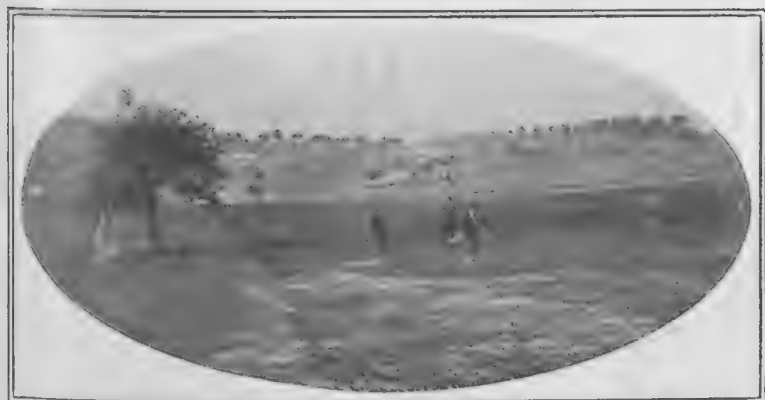
men who use no gloves in the summer-time adopt them in the winter, but a change of this kind plays the dickens with one's game. Knitted cuffs—or fur wristlets—are excellent for their warming capacity. Mittens are better than gloves, but the other day I found Harry Vardon, a man of many ideas and always open to consider a new one without prejudice, wearing a new kind of semi-mitten as it might be called, that completely covered the back of the hand, but left the palm entirely bare, the arrangement being attached by means of thin little loops through which the fingers passed.

## The Care of the Clubs.

And now, my dear brother golfer, do please make a resolution that this winter you will look after your clubs very much better than formerly. If you have not got one, buy a bag with a hood on it, and see that the neglectful caddie untucks that hood out from the inside of the bag as soon as the raindrops begin to fall, for a very few of them go far in softening the faces of the wooden clubs. See always that your shafts—and the shafts of the iron clubs not less than those of the wooden ones—are kept as dry as possible, and, after playing with them in the rain, have them well wiped down, and do not trust to the caddie to do this job as thoroughly as it should be done. If it comes to that, which is the less harmful thing, to soil



MONTE CARLO'S NEW GOLF LINKS: THE CLUB-HOUSE.



A LONG PUTT.



A GOOD IRON SHOT.

## A MOST IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE LINKS OF THE RIVIERA: THE NEW MONTE CARLO GOLF COURSE.

Until the new Monte Carlo Golf Course was opened recently, golfers staying in the principality had to journey for a game either to the Mentone Golf Club links at Sospel, or to Cagnes (Alpes Maritimes). The new links are on the Plateau of Mont Agel, some 3600 feet above Monte Carlo, and magnificent views are to be had from them over the coast from Bordighera to the Estérelles an inland over five mountain ranges. The chief difficulty the constructors of the links had to face was the fact that the ground chosen was of so stony a nature that it had to be covered up at great expense.—[Photographs by J. Enrieiti.]

more than flannels. My objection to some popular fabrics for winter wear is that they do let the rain through so very quickly by reason of their openness of texture. If you choose a thick cloth, whether of Harris tweed, Kenmare, or any other, the clothes must be made with extreme looseness. It helps towards comfort and skill.

a clean handkerchief—no other wiping material being available—or to risk fatal injury to a good shaft? Then keep in your locker, and at home as well, little bottles of linseed oil, and give the shafts a rub with it from time to time, and, when the clubs are not to be played with for a day or two, smear some of it over the iron heads.

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## BEAUTY AD LIBITUM.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London."*

THE glass door of the corridor in my French home of long ago had lozenged panes of coloured glass at each corner—some blue, some red, some yellow. When I had skipped the whole length of the flagstone without a break, counting each skip aloud, I would flatten my nose against the yellow pane, and shout "Joy, joy, the garden is full of sun!" It was not always sunny, but I could always at will see the garden golden and gay through my yellow pane.

Now that I am grown-up, I look at gardens, and the people in them, through the middle pane of colourless glass, and see them as they are. Gardens are much less sunny when one is grown-up! That's why some people—the wisest—just refuse to grow up. There is Peter Pan, for instance, who sees a fairy in every tree; and there is Mr. James Douglas, who sees a Venus in every woman. Thus the gallant wit: "The worst of this rage for manufactured beauty is that it gets what it wants."

now from counting Beauty by the hundred. Women can't help looking well at night. Beauty will out of a low dress, even if the dress leaves something to be desired, for woman makes the frock even where the dressmaker fails. And as I was reflecting on all this, I positively felt afraid that I might have to agree with Mr. Douglas after all. "There is no variety," he says, "in pretty girls. They all look as if they were turned out of some vast factory by the gross." Then the factory hands must have struck, that's all. I saw a good many pretty dresses which seemed to shrink with humiliation at the unworthiness of their wearers. No, it's not yet at the opera you must look for an abundance of charmers—their proportion is most meagre. After all, I think woman looks best out of doors. I concede that the fashionable hat and the straight fur coat stand as discreet allies to the plain woman. They suggest everything you may like; they reveal nothing. Seen through imagination and beneath shadowy brims, what woman looks plain? And all hats have shadowy brims, and all journalists have imagination, or else where would "copy" be? Scientists are threatening the race with the extinction of the fair-haired woman, and predicting a beard for all women of the next century. Won't men be pleased if, as Mr. Douglas has it, "it is a positive ecstasy to see a genuine plain woman"! You may be sure a bushy chin won't improve her. Evidently it does not matter whether we are beautiful or not, so long as we can cajole men into believing we are, and most of us can as long as men are such utter—men!



WIFE OF LORD WALERAN'S HEIR: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND.

Mrs. Walrond was Miss Charlotte Margaret Lothian Coats, and is a daughter of Mr. George Coats, of the Forest of Glen Tanar; Aboyne, Belleisle, Ayr, and Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and a sister of the Marchioness Douro, wife of the Duke of Wellington's heir. Her husband, the Hon. William Lionel Charles Walrond, is well known as a politician. Mr. and Mrs. Walrond have two sons.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

The resources of modern ingenuity have risen to the occasion. If a plain woman has money, she can be made beautiful! Then we must be a nation of paupers! Perhaps Mr. Douglas carries a little bit of yellow pane, fashioned as a monocle. "Indeed," he states, "beauty is a drug in the market." Ah, but where is that market? that I may tell my men friends, and we'll see a tremendous recrudescence in the drug habit.

The same day that I read Mr. Douglas's article I decided to keep my eyes very wide open, ready and eager to admire the handiwork of "dressmakers, milliners, beauty specialists, and the whole mob of humbugs who cater for the multitude of women who yearn to be beautiful." However clever, the whole mob of them cannot humbug me. It may be that, being a woman, and, having an eye for details, I can detect the imported goods from the home-grown among another woman's tresses, the henna from the gold, the height that owes two inches to heels, the curves that owe pretty well everything to cotton wool. And I dare say many men can detect all that, too, but they like it—feminine lies are compliments to men. Only men have not the courage of their taste. They denounce every artifice of woman's toilette; but that shows what renegades they are, for man's altar is woman's dressing-table. In a ball-room, it's not the smooth-haired, thick-waisted woman, with the shiny nose and the wide skirt, whose programme is full; however classical her profile may be. Man's taste in beauty is all instinctive and untrained. Beauty is exceedingly rare, but, as far as man is concerned, imitation is just as good and—lasts longer. Common things can be beautiful, but beauty will never be common, in spite of Mr. Douglas's visual illusions.

His article sent me reconnoitring the enemy. My field of observation that day covered Prince's Skating Club and the Opera. Vanity was there, but the Fair was not! "The earth is overstocked with beauty," forsooth! And to me it seems as if the whole stock were marked in plain figures! Where is that overflow, that surplus of genuine or imitation sirens? If, as Mr. Douglas insinuates, many of them, and much in them, are dressmakers' art incarnated, there should be plenty on the ice at Prince's—anyone should look well in a short skirt, a quaint toque, and an animated complexion. But so few do. I could name just three who do, but they would not like it, and their female friends still less. Three—imagine! Oh, three times rare beauty!

That night at the Opera I thought I must stare at my sex and see whether it is pride and prejudice that has prevented me up to



ENGAGED TO MR. ALLAN MACKENZIE: THE HON. LOUVIMA KNOLLYS.

Miss Knollys is the only daughter of Lord Knollys, and was born in 1888. Her father began his active association with British Sovereigns in 1870, when he became Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales. From 1870 to 1901 he was Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales; from 1886 to 1901, Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales; from 1900 to 1901, Gentleman Usher Quarterly Waiter to Queen Victoria; from 1901 to 1910, Private Secretary to King Edward VII. Since then he has been Joint Private Secretary to King George V. and a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Alexandra. Before her marriage, which took place in 1887, Miss Knollys' mother was known as the Hon. Ardyn Tyrwhitt, daughter of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, third Baronet, and of Baroness Berners.

*Photograph by Langier.*



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

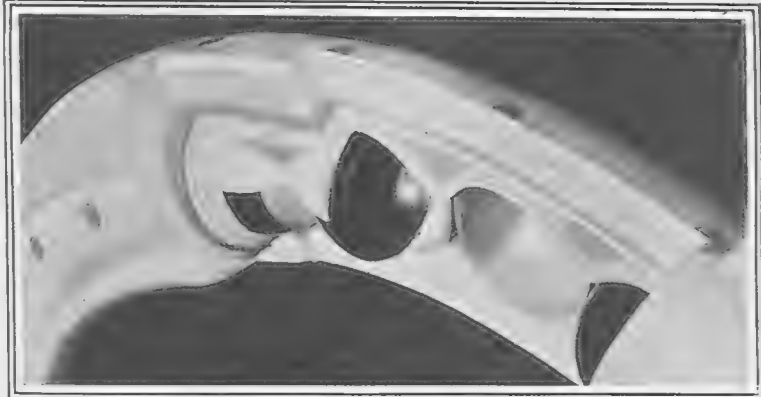
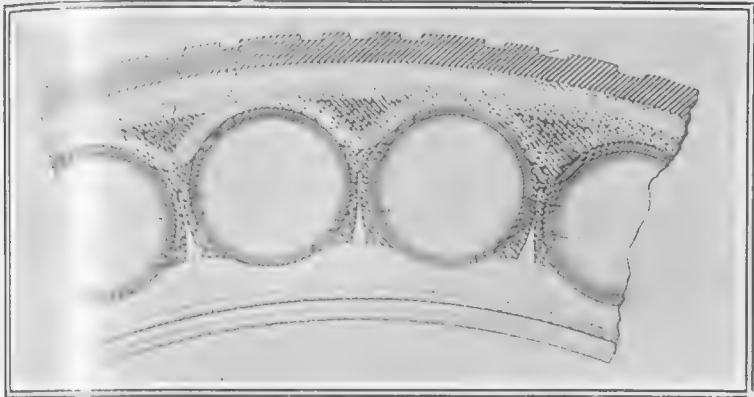
## The Lubrication of Springs.

I fear it cannot be denied that motor-car springing has advanced as little as the change-speed gear, although, on the whole, the necessity has been greater. The semi-elliptic and the three-quarter elliptic—practically the Cee-springs of the old lumbering but luxurious barouches—are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, save that in the motor-car connection they have been greatly improved in design and material. They are now made much longer and wider, while the blades, or leaves, are thinner, and differentiate in thickness from the top to the bottom leaf. Also, in some cases, means are provided for introducing lubricating-oil between the leaves, to prevent the unpleasant groanings and squeakings which always

which will give equal luxury to the Cowey method without its apparent complication and cost. But maybe we are sighing for the unattainable.

## An Appeal to Local Authorities.

In the face of the approaching winter, when we may expect the surfaces of the London wood pavement to become after a night's frost as slippery and as treacherous as ice, it is to be hoped that the Metropolitan local authorities will pay some attention to the circular letter addressed to them by the Roads Improvement Association on the gritting of the Metropolitan streets. In days gone by cyclists, whose pneumatic tyres are much more vulnerable than those of motorists, have made bitter plaint on this matter, but



THE LATEST AMERICAN IDEA: A PNEUMATIC TYRE WHICH IS A SERIES OF CIRCULAR CAVITIES, AND IS CLAIMED TO BE AS NEARLY PUNCTURE-PROOF AS POSSIBLE.

The tyre is shown in section by diagram and photograph is the invention of Mr. John Fischer, a Chicago architect, who claims that it is as nearly puncture-proof as it is possible for a pneumatic tyre to be. Instead of being an ordinary tube, it is hollowed out in a series of circles, and consequently is described as presenting only between five-and-twenty and fifty square inches of surface liable to puncture.—[Photographs by Fleet Agency.]

result when the dry leaves rub on one another. This lubrication is effected by inserting a spring-cupped oiler at each end of the upper leaf, drilling through each leaf near its end, and forming very shallow, branched chases along the centre of the under-side of each leaf. With springs so furnished, the oil will be found to exude all along the outside of the leaves where they lie upon each other; and although this is not very sightly, it can always be wiped away; while the improved lissomeness and quietude of the springs themselves are undeniable.

## Additional Improvements.

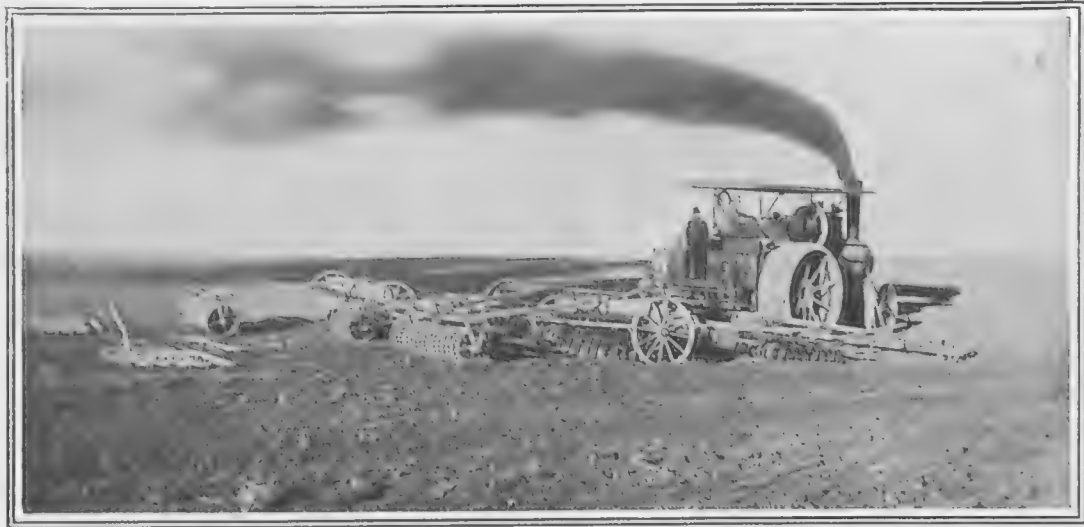
But even when this is done we have not advanced in form beyond the springs of our ancestors, and save for a few devices rendered impossible by their expense and complication, improvements in the springing of motor-cars have only taken the form of addenda to the semi and three-quarter elliptical laminated springs. In cases where

without avail. The small broken gravel-stones which are scattered about the roads so indiscriminately on the slightest sign of a frost do incalculable damage to expensive tyres before they are ground to powder by the ever rapidly decreasing number of iron-tyred vehicles. It is suggested that the material should be as small as possible; indeed, good sharp sand would do all that is necessary, even for the disappearing horse, while it would be quite effective and almost harmless to motor-tyres. The Association has suggested that the material to be used in future should not exceed a gauge of three-sixteenths of an inch.

## The Marvellous in the Motor Cycle.

A walk round the Olympia Cycle and Motor Show, which proved so great a success last week, excited something akin to amazement at the amount of thought and ingenuity which has gone to the outfit of the modern motor-cyclist. To-day motor-cycles are provided with

highly refined two and three-speed gears, in which the gear-wheels are always in mesh, and which can be operated by the rider without removing his hand from the handle-bar. They are not only silent in running, but very light, and have a neutral point, which gives a free engine. On the Rudge-Whitworth motor-bicycle I noticed an expanding pulley and belt-ring which gives no fewer than twenty variations of speed, and which is considered in no small

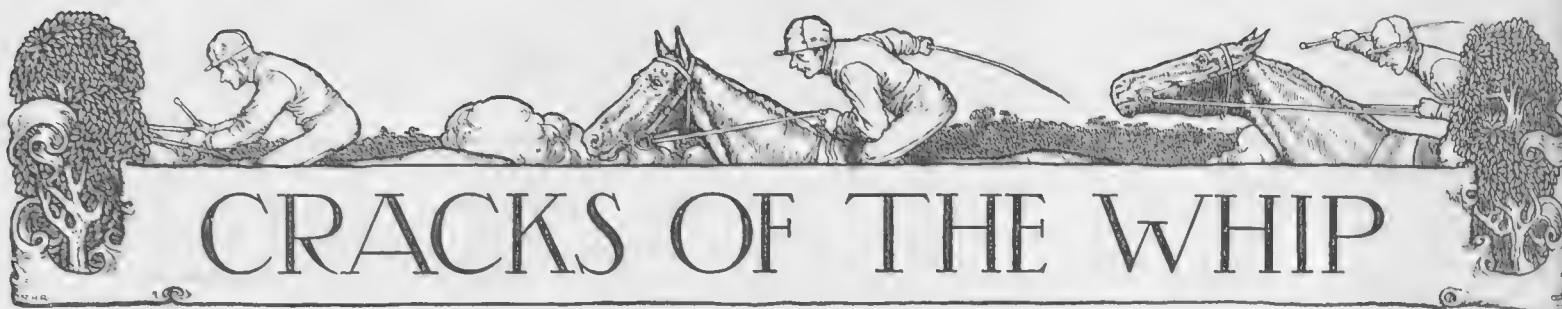


PLOUGHING, ROLLING, AND HARROWING LAND WITH A SINGLE MACHINE: A PETROLEUM-FED TRACTOR DRAWING THE MACHINE, IN THE AMERICAN "CORN-BELT."

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

other devices of this kind, all of which were preceded, of course, by the Lever Spring Suspension, a device in which coil springs and levers are combined in so ingenious and practical a manner as to absorb nearly all the dither and short, sharp shocks. But still, all these devices are but additions to compensate for the shortcomings of the original springings, and we still await a new system of suspension

way responsible for the many Rudge-Whitworth motor-bicycle successes achieved during the passing year. In the matter of accessories, invention has apparently run riot. A glance at the stand of Messrs. Brown Bros., Ltd., alone was sufficient to prove this. There was seen a self-lighting acetylene lamp, a precious boon to cyclists in blustering weather; also a particularly neat and handy form of carrier.



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## Jumping.

Racing under National Hunt rules is now in full swing. The so-called "illegitimate" sport appeals to a different section of racing folk from that under the other code, although many "go racing" all the year round. Sport is generally of the quiet order until the few weeks before the opening of the flat-racing season. It is like a drama, in which the early acts but serve to whet one's appetite for the one final sensation. The final sensation in connection with National Hunt Sport is the Grand National, and all previous happenings seem to be working up towards it. The great steeplechase at Liverpool is one of the few races that one cannot really try a horse for, because the course is so unique in character that there is absolutely nothing like it anywhere else. It might be possible to try a horse for the distance, and also to run him over various courses when unfit with an idea of getting weight off; but I fancy that most owners with likely Aintree candidates are convinced of the folly of such a proceeding as "readying" a horse for it. The uncertainty attaching to the race was never more forcibly shown than in this year's Grand Sefton Steeplechase, in which Glenside, who won the Grand National in the spring, fell at the first fence. When dog-tired, he managed to scramble over the last fence in the National; whereas, in the Sefton, when quite fresh, he failed at the first! Mr. Dyas had the same experience with Manifesto, one of the greatest of all Grand National horses; but in his case the fall at the first fence came before his victories. One of the best plans for backers in the National Hunt season is to follow what is called a "good" stable—that is, a stable that shelters good horses which are ridden by good jockeys. Of such are those of Mr. Ussher, Mr. Whitaker, the Hon. A. Hastings, W. Bulteel, F. Hunt, F. Hartigan, and Coulthwaite.

## Stayers.

The gentlemen who compile racing-programmes are 'cute and business-like and always open to give the public what the public evinces a desire for or what they conceive the public desires. In the first of the two instances they follow well-

the autumn, and its immense success tempted various other executives to establish handicaps run on more or less similar lines. These events have increased in number as the years have passed, until this season the Manchester executive ran their Prince Edward Handicap, previously a mile-and-quarter race, over a two-mile course. This increase in the number of long-distance races is, according to my way of thinking, good for the breed of the racehorse and should do much to develop stamina; but it has to be admitted that the supply, as judged by the competitors in the races I refer to this autumn, is lamentably small in comparison with the vast number of horses in training. The complaint a year or two ago that you could not expect owners to have their horses trained for long-distance races, on account of the paucity of those events, no longer stands, but we don't seem to be much better off for stayers, although we now have quite a number of long-distance events. A large proportion of the entry for the Prince Edward Handicap, the Newbury Autumn Cup, the Cesarewitch, the Derby Cup, and the Manchester Handicap consisted of the same horses. I wonder owners do not pay more attention to the longer type of race instead of reserving most of their horses for sprints and miles. There have been three cases this year that should inspire them—Ignition, Coastwise, and

Ultimus. The first-named was regarded as a selling-plater until he went to Arundel, where he was developed into a Goodwood Plate winner; the second was looked upon as a sprinter pure and simple until the last season, in which he won over twelve and thirteen furlongs; while Ultimus, who could not win a sprint selling race last year, has proved his capacity to "stay for ever."

## MONDAY TIPS BY CAPTAIN COE.

Newbury, to-day: Berks Hurdle, Telbedde; Novices' Steeplechase, Clew Bay or Kilwilliam; Open Steeplechase, Bloodstone; Hants Hurdle, Duke of Lancaster. Tomorrow: Cranborne Steeplechase, Cannock Lad; Juvenile Hurdle, Paulhan; Moderate Hurdle, Grab; Andover Steeplechase, Banoge. Kempton, Friday: Uxbridge Steeplechase, Exelite; Wimbledon Hurdle, Dart II.; Kempton Hurdle, Selectman. Saturday: Sunbury Hurdle, Shaccabac; Staines Hurdle, Gallivant; Middlesex Steeplechase, Belus; Richmond Steeplechase, Rory O'Moore.



THE MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE: MAJOR-GEN. J. F. BROCKLEHURST. Major-General John Fielden Brocklehurst commanded the 3rd Cavalry Brigade in Natal (Ladysmith) from 1899 to 1908. He was Equerry to Queen Victoria from 1899 to her death, and became Equerry to Queen Alexandra in 1901. He retired from the Army in 1908. He served in the Egyptian War of 1882 and in the Nile Expedition, 1884-1885.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



AT A MEET OF THE ATHERSTONE: LADY ROWENA PATERSON.

Lady Rowena is a sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, and was born in 1879. In 1901 she married Mr. Graham Paterson. She has one daughter.—[Photograph by C.N.]



AT A MEET OF THE ATHERSTONE: THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1869, her Grace was known as the Hon. Eva Elizabeth Carrington, daughter of the second Baron Carrington.—[Photograph by C.N.]

established precedent, and in the second, by placing before their patrons something which they do their utmost to make attractive, hope thereby to achieve success. The Cesarewitch for many years was the only important long-distance handicap run in



## Christmas Presents for All.

### Artistic and Reliable.

There is, as usual, an excellent selection of acceptable presents to be seen at Elkington's fine salons, 22, Regent Street. Although the firm is such a big one and so well known, they make a point of preparing for this season all kinds of pretty little novelties suitable for presents. A special illustrated list of these will be sent to anyone who applies for it. If it is possible to visit the establishment, it is much better, as the selection is so much greater than can be got into a book. Attractive and pretty is a perpetual calendar in oxidised silver-plate, over which an elf is playing leap-frog—this, of course, in allusion to 1912 being Leap Year; it costs only 12s. 6d. A similar thing at a similar price, a milestone being substituted for the calendar, is sold for a motor mascot. Very useful as well as pretty is a copy of an antique egg-stand holding four egg-cups, in the celebrated Elkington plate—a really good present, costing only £1 17s. 6d., with 1s. 4d. each for spoons. Little clocks, decorated with holly and mistletoe, in their natural colours, will be liked as strictly seasonable gifts. Baskets for sweets or fruit, of pierced silver, at 18s. 6d., 35s., and 52s. 6d., are also remarkably artistic; they are of charming shape, and are called the "Dolly Varden"—an appropriate allusion to a Dickens year.

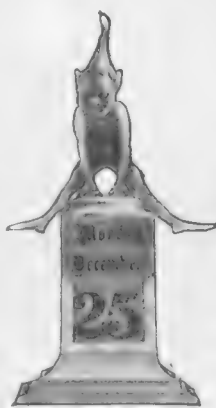
### Nothing Like Leather.

There is no place like John Pound's for leather. Whether one goes to his establishment at 81, Leadenhall Street; 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 268, Oxford Street; 5, Swallow Street; or 243, Brompton Road, one is sure to find the newest possible things in leather of all kinds, and the best possible value as well. Leather goods mean so much nowadays in the way of Christmas gifts—not alone the substantial and convenient fitted cases for which this firm is celebrated, but the thousand and one little things and big trunks and boxes that we all need, which make ideal presents for Christmas. A seal leather pocket-book, with pockets and partitions for letters, stamps, gold, and a large pocket at the back for bank-notes, is a present any man will appreciate. With a flexible silver rim it is 31s. 6d., in plain leather it is 22s. 6d. Letter-cases in great variety and very neat can be bought from 4s. 6d. each, since the firm cater for all gift-seekers, and in each case the quality is first-rate. What every woman wants nowadays is a bag of some kind; at Messrs. John Pound's there are these fascinating hand-bags of every shape, every colour, every kind—fitted and unfitted. One of velvet-dressed leather, with a purse inside neatly chained, is at 30s.—a really good investment. Roll-up dressing-cases are gifts dear to men. These are to be had from 15s. (with really reliable fittings, in good leather), to one at sixteen guineas, of pigskin, with solid silver fittings—no glass at all; a case for a lifetime or two, and marvellously compact and light.

### A Pleasure and Refreshment.

There are few people who do not love "4711" Eau de Cologne. It is known far and wide for its purity and for its refreshing, invigorating qualities, which are so useful in these days when life is so strenuous. It is wise to ask for Original "4711," and to be quite sure of getting it. The firm are the earliest manufacturers of the scent from the Cologne water, and in Cologne; moreover, they use the best and the most expensive ingredients in their distillery. The result is that "4711" is good for the complexion; with a little water it

affords great relief in headache; it is antiseptic, and it is invaluable for invalids, while people in health thoroughly enjoy it. It is specially put up in ornamental cases for Christmas—cases in different numbers of bottles and different sizes, securely packed to go to any part of the world. This is a gift that is always liked.



FOR LEAP YEAR: A PERPETUAL CALENDAR FOR 1912.



COPIED FROM THE ANTIQUE: AN EGG- STAND IN ELKINGTON PLATE.



FOR SWEETS OR FRUIT: A BASKET IN PIERCED SILVER.

SOME PRETTY AND USEFUL PRESENTS AT MESSRS. ELKINGTON'S, 22, REGENT STREET.

Christmas presents: models of washing dresses in cotton crépon requiring no ironing, embroidered and lace-trimmed, suitable for India, the Riviera, Egypt; quantities of model blouses, neat jabots, and latest things in neck-wear. Double initial monogram handkerchiefs for ladies at 7s. 11d. and 16s. 9d., and for men at 16s. 9d. and 30s., are in the nature of bargains. They are beautiful, and the monograms exquisitely embroidered. The White House is likely to be besieged.



WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS: A "VELVET-FINISH" LEATHER PURSE-BAG. This dainty purse-bag is made by Messrs. John Pound and Co., of 268-270, Oxford Street, W. The price is 31s. 6d.

monogram of three initials on 18-ct. gold, form another personal present at four guineas always acceptable. Sleeve-links enamelled on 18-ct. gold in four different miniature pictures of any subject—motoring, flying, coaching, etc.—cost eight guineas. The firm will send on application a little booklet, illustrated in colour.

### Beautiful, Personal, Exclusive.

Many of us demand these attributes in the gifts we intend for our closest friends. Doubtless they add immensely to the present's value. I am the more pleased, therefore, to say that these can be acquired in variety at Dobson and Sons, 110, New Bond Street. The firm's ceramic enamelling gives centuries of life to a private photograph used on a cigar or cigarette case, or box or plaque. It is hard and wears, better really, than the silver or gold on which it is done. Any private photographs can be thus reproduced in any size and absolutely faithfully. The only thing to be said on this subject is that orders must be at once given to ensure any chance of their being executed by Christmas. Then there is miniature-portrait work done in hand-painted enamel. Customers' own pets can be done in this way, the result being a guaranteed likeness, in proper colours, unfadable and beautiful: these are mounted as brooches or pins, in little frames or as pendants or sleeve-links. They vary in price according to the animal, horse or dog, and to the kind of dog. A Pekinese in 18-ct. gold mount as a brooch is only £4 4s. Initial enamel sleeve-links, with a

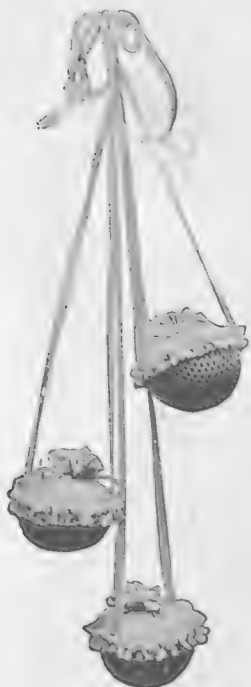
### For the Men of the Family.

These are sometimes the most difficult to cater for in presents: they would say, because they want so little; we feel, because they have so much. However, a wise gift to make them, and a welcome one, is a Gillette safety-razor. This ensures the continuity of the early-morning brightness of spirit so often prematurely destroyed by a gash from the older-world instrument. These razors, put up in dainty little velvet-lined cases, containing the razor and twelve double-edged blades, cost a guinea. The Gillette Combination Sets, at from 25s. to £3, contain razor, blades, stick



WHAT EVERY MAN WANTS: A POCKET-BOOK OF NOVEL DESIGN IN THE NEW "VELVET-FINISH" LEATHER.

The price of this very useful pocket-book is 19s. 6d. It is made by Messrs. John Pound and Co., of 268-270, Oxford Street.



A FRAGRANT GIFT: THE PERFUME OF SUSSEX VIOLETS IN SACHETS.

The perfume is made from violets grown at the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown's Sussex nurseries.

are handkerchiefs of every kind at every price for men, ladies, and children, which are the best possible value. Mistresses will find splendid gifts for servants, in caps and aprons, in wonderful variety and at most moderate prices, also in dress-lengths. The best way to form an idea of the vast range of presents at delightfully easy prices offered by this well-known and enterprising firm is to write for their "Greetings" catalogue, which will be sent post free.

#### "Presents that Endear Absents."

Lamb never said a truer thing: it is the heart of our principle of Christmas gifts. To those round us our gifts are dear and precious; to those exiled from us they are precious exceedingly. They cost us just as much in care and thought as in money: every present should do this to fulfil its mission. Therefore we wend our present-seeking way to a firm like the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street; because, as they have a world-wide reputation for quality, we know that we shall secure value worth our care and money. There is infinite choice of presents: lovely little bits of jewellery costing quite modest little amounts from a pound or twenty-five shillings—just as good in their degree as a diamond ornament running to six figures; the most up-to-date things in gold and silver at wonderfully low prices. Of these I must enumerate a few; but I suggest sending for a "Gifts Novelties" list—a tasteful and well illustrated booklet showing a small selection from the different things suitable for presents. Very neat is a little flat gold case containing a pin-case, pencil, and mirror, which can be worn suspended from the finger or wrist; in silver-gilt it is four guineas, and in nine-carat gold £9 10s. New and neat is a little cigarette-tongs for lady smokers, to take the cigarette when not between the lips, and so save dainty fingers from nicotine-stain. This is made in golds of differing colour; some are set with diamonds, and they are either in flat gold or morocco cases. A practical scent-pump is a long-felt want, and the Goldsmiths Company have such a pump in readiness for Christmas. There is no tube or anything to get out of order; the bottle is

of shaving-soap, and brush. These are presents sure of appreciation. A prominent office-holder is giving each of the members of his staff a set of these razors and blades; he wants them to turn up at their best every morning, wise man!

#### As Sweet as Growing Violets.

Violets at Christmas are only for the rich. The perfume from them is, however, placed at the disposal of the many by the Allen-Brown perfumes and dainty, delicate preparations, made from the flowers grown at the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown's own Sussex nurseries and made under their own supervision. They will send out a guinea Christmas hamper, post free to any address, containing scent and fourteen other toilet and personal dainties perfumed with violets in a violet basket; they have a perfumed fairy-fan in figured silk packed in a box for 12s. 6d.; or a half-guinea hamper with half the amount in the guinea one; or a dainty bottle of English violet-perfume for 5s. 3d., post free; or old Sussex pot-pourri smelling-salts or bath-salts, also pot-pourri.

#### What Everybody Wants.

There can be no mistake about the acceptability of the presents provided in endless variety by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver at their handsome Regent Street premises. To this is added the further attraction of their wonderful value. For example, for a dozen ladies' handkerchiefs in linen, with a letter enclosed in a wreath of shamrocks, the price is 6s. 6d.; for a dozen in mull, with an embroidered and scalloped edge, the price is 10s. 6d. There

glass; the massive knob and all parts of the pump are silver; it cannot get out of order, and it is the most satisfactory kind of



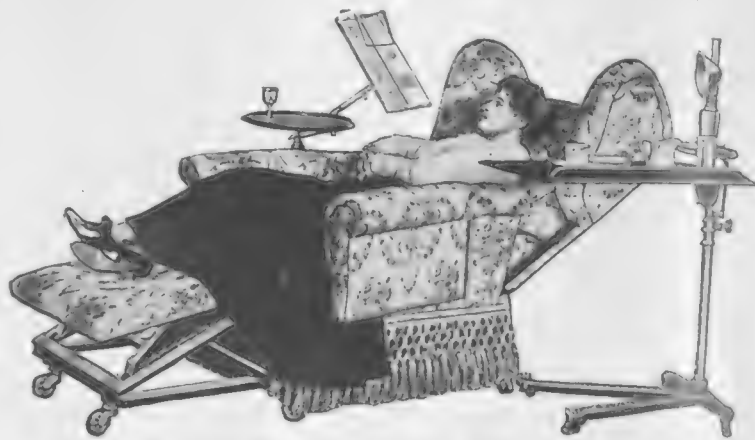
AN AID TO HEALTH AND COMFORT: THE "EUSTACE MILES" PATENT CHAIR REST.

Supplied by Messrs. Carter, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, and 125-129, Great Portland Street.

tinctive and distinguished; some of these, copied from old Chinese and Japanese prints, are most fascinating.

#### Carter's for Comfort.

To give comfort to a friend, whether well or ill, is to give a present twice over and at one cost. The world-known firm of Carter's, at their old home, with its imposing new setting, in New Cavendish Street, have a show of chairs, couches, tables, which assure the desirable double gift. Their "Carbrek" table, by means of which one can breakfast comfortably in bed, write, read, or play cards in a recumbent position, is one boon. Another, and quite an inexpensive one, is the "Eustace Miles" chair-rest. It is for attachment to an ordinary chair

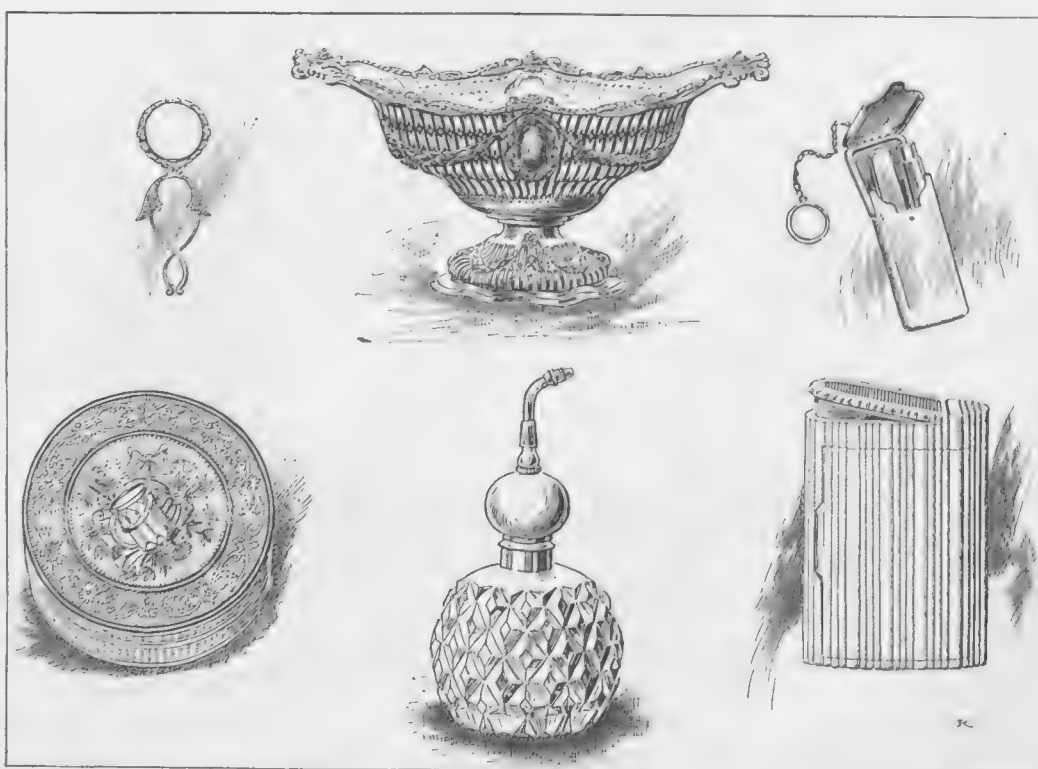


LUXURY IN REST OR CONVALESCENCE: THE "PRINCE'S" CHAIR AND THE "CARBREK" BED-TABLE.

Supplied by Messrs. Carter, of New Cavendish Street and Great Portland Street.

to support the back, and to ensure sitting in a healthy position as well as an easy one. The rest can be so moved as to support the back exactly at the point needed. These cost 10s. 6d. each, and fourpence for postage; half-a-dozen will be acceptable in any household, converting the dining-room chairs into real supports without disfiguring them. The literary machine is another charming present. It is an adjustable table and reading or writing desk; the little table holds a book, and the desk can be raised to any height or placed at any angle. Of course, an adjustable reclining-chair is the last and most perfect part of this equipment for perfect rest. It is so contrived as to be movable to any position, and is really the very acme of comfort. These chairs vary in price from 35s. to twenty-five guineas.

The alliance of the well-known firm of J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond Street, with Hunt and Roskell, Limited, is an announcement that promises well for the clients of both these old and trusted houses. There is at the fine establishment at the above address a wonderful number of things suitable for Christmas gifts, chosen from the stocks of the allied firms. There are some specially beautiful oval pendants, with diamonds set in the newest way, the larger stones hanging loose so that they move with the wearers. These form an ornament that would brighten Christmas for any woman. Very beautiful are bow-shaped diadems like



"PRESENTS THAT ENDEAR ABSENTS": A FEW ITEMS FROM A GREAT STORE-HOUSE OF GIFT-NOVELTIES. These articles, which include a scent-spray, an enamel box, a pencil-case, and a combination cigarette and match-box case in silver, are only a few items from the list of "gift-novelties" of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street.



bandeaux, to be worn low down on the hair. They are of diamonds, in delightful designs. One which has large round pearls mounted in the centre of clusters of diamonds, and is tipped with pear-shaped pearls, is especially fine. A specialty for the season is a wonderful



THE FASCINATION OF JEWELLERY: A BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENT.  
Messrs. Hunt and Roskell in alliance with J. W. Benson, Ltd.

selection of diamond-and-olivine ornaments. These are very varied in price, and most effective. In order better to appreciate their beauty, it would be well to write to the firm for coloured illustrated catalogues of these imposing gifts, which cost from £10. There is a fine choice of gifts at varying prices, from a firm whose name is the guarantee as to highest quality in gems and workmanship.

#### Original and Beautiful.

At Messrs. Frank Hyam's *recherché* establishment at 128, New Bond Street will be found very many beautiful things which are also distinctive and original. The proprietor is a specialist in jade, for which there is now such a rage. The Chinese jade (jadeite) is the more precious. He has been fortunate enough to secure it in fair quantity and exceptional quality, and has it mounted with diamonds as pendants, brooches, rings, earrings, charms, bead necklaces, scarfpins, links, and waistcoat buttons. There is the sentiment about this precious stone that it means love, luck, and steadfast friendship. Curiously enough, the Maoris attach almost similar meaning to the New Zealand jade, or *pounamu*, in which a number of useful and ornamental things are shown, such as a silver frame and pair of candlesticks (a copy of a set in the Wallace Collection) the green of the frame and of the pillars of the candlesticks looking lovely with the light shining through. The chief business of the firm is in jewellery, in which designs are specially fine. An artistic booklet with illustrations of them will be sent on application.



IN CHINESE JADE AND DIAMOND DROP: A NECKLACE MOUNTED IN PLATINUM, AT £42 10s.

Messrs. Hyam, 123, New Bond Street.

#### Dainty and Delightful.

These are the inalienable virtues of Zenobia perfumes and toilet preparations, so well known and much

liked that I need only remind readers how well they come into a scheme for present-making. They are English and they are very good, also they are uncommon. It is, of course, a point to see the Zenobia trade-mark on everything before making the purchase. Sweet-Pea Blossom is a great favourite; so, too, is Night-Scented Stock and Lily-of-the-Valley. These are supplied in bottles at 3s. 6d. and 5s., and in double cases at double these prices. Large bottles of the series of three perfumes at 10s. 6d. make charming gifts. Novelties are sachets of these perfumes for Christmas cards, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., at prices varying from 3d. to 2s. 6d. each. Sample bijou boxes of perfume, soap, and sachet can be obtained from Mr. W. F. Charles, the Zenobia Laboratories, Loughborough, Leicestershire, for 3d. or 4d. for Lily-of-the-Valley and Rose Supreme.



THE CAPTURED PERFUME OF THE SWEET-PEA: ZENOBIA PREPARATIONS.  
Made by Mr. W. F. Charles, Zenobia Laboratories, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Good Cheer Once a Year. The good cheer which marks Christmas is not complete without a bottle

of green or yellow Chartreuse, made by the Carthusian monks from the original recipe of 1602, given to them by Marshal d'Estrées, improved and modified twenty years later by Apothecary Friar Jerome Maubec, and since then world-famed. It is not expensive—a fair-sized bottle of yellow Chartreuse costs 4s. 6d.; the green, which is stronger, about 6s. A celebrated *bon viveur* said that green Chartreuse was the most delightful magistrate that ever read a Riot Act.

#### What Four Fair Ladies Fancied.

Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Olive May, Miss Connie Ediss, and Miss Gabrielle Ray were all tired of the perfumes so constantly sent to them, and said so. This was not to be borne by a firm so celebrated as that of Messrs. Atkinson, 24, Old Bond Street, who, at the wish of the hearer of the actresses' plaint, set to work to produce the desired novelties. Five scents were submitted to these exacting critics. After exercising with all due care their olfactory nerves, they selected No. 3. It was then named Poinsetta—the "i" is dropped for the sake of euphony—after the exquisite Mexican Flor de Pasque Poinsetta, of which it possesses the living, dreamy, delicate, unobtrusive, all-pervading, and delightful odour. The scent is 4s. 6d. a bottle, and there is a whole toilet series perfumed with it.

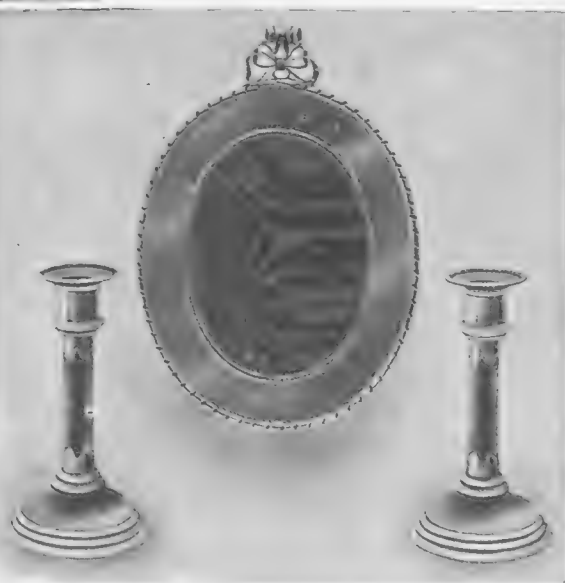
#### Old Tradition and Up-to-Date Spirit.

This is a combination in business as rare as it is admirable. It is seen at its very best at Garrard's, 25, Albemarle Street, in their magnificent new environment, with traces in every salon of the fine old traditions of the firm. No one need hesitate to go to Garrard's to



A CHARMING DIAMOND PENDANT.

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell in alliance with J. W. Benson, Ltd.



IN NEW ZEALAND JADE: A PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME AND CANDLESTICKS.

The frame, which is in New Zealand jade, beautifully mounted in silver, is a copy of one in the Wallace Collection. The price is £17 10s. The candlesticks, also in jade and silver, are six inches high and cost £5 10s. These articles are made by Messrs. Hyam, 123, New Bond Street.

signs and estimates to anyone wishing for them and stating their requirements.

#### Biscuits that Take the Cake; and Cakes that Take the Biscuit.

There is no name better known in the world where biscuits are concerned than that of Huntley and Palmer. Their novelties for this festive season are, as usual, part of the national decorative scheme; we look for them in our shops and houses. They include a Dickens Centenary case, representing an edition of our English novelist, eight volumes containing such dainties for the palate as the real thing would offer to the mind. There is a lantern casket, too, also reminiscent of old times, and a cabinet case suggestive of Chippendale. The cakes are also tempting and beautifully turned out. There are four hundred varieties of biscuits, each representing the very best of its kind—the purest, the daintiest, and the most wholesome. Those in the Christmas tins are specially suitable for holiday occasions.



WORTHY TO TAKE THE BISCUIT: A HUNTLEY AND PALMER CASKET.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.*

## LAST WEEK.

WITH the exception of one or two features, the Stock Exchange has not fulfilled the promise of the last few weeks. The volume of business has diminished, and consequently prices have sagged in nearly all departments; in fact, the nineteen days' account has kept up its evil reputation.

Gilt-edged securities are a little easier, and in the Foreign Market a few small advances in Greek and Spanish issues have been off-set by corresponding declines, but the new Chilean Loan was well received and over-subscribed several times. Home Rails have been stagnant, and where there have been changes, they are adverse. North London stock, however, jumped up to 104 on the announcement of the proposed electrification of the line, but has since reacted to 100½, showing a net rise of 2.

Both Kaffirs and Rhodesians have been weak, but only a small open account was revealed at the settlement, and prices rallied a little for the new account.

In the Miscellaneous Market, London General Omnibus stock is up to 149 on the dividend announcement, which quite came up to the market's expectation, and it now only requires the publication of the amount allocated to depreciation to reveal the exact position.

Shipping shares have been very active again, Union Castles closing at 19½, after being lower. The continuation of the Italian-Turkish War has concentrated a number of cargo-boats in the Mediterranean, where they can secure good freights, and so caused a shortage on other routes. Freights have risen rapidly, and all the Shipping Companies are making fine profits. "It's an all wind that blows nobody any good," but the war cannot last for ever.

## GRAND TRUNK THIRD PREFERENCE.

The rise in Canadian Pacifics during this year seems to have diverted attention from the attractions of the Grand Trunk junior issues. Early in this year the Third Preference stood at 64 against the present price of 55½, and they were even higher in 1910, when the position was not nearly so favourable.

The defeat of the Reciprocity agreement with the United States has removed the fear of traffic being diverted. The recent issue of £1,250,000 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock, which was made a bear point at the time, has in reality strengthened the position, as by means of the money thus raised the Company will be enabled to pay off £856,000 Midland 5 per cent. Bonds in January next. The saving thus effected will be over £40,000 a year, and it only requires £50,000 to pay the interest on the new stock, so the extra cost involved is not very great.

Within the next two years the Third Preference should receive material benefit from the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and International lines, since the Grand Trunk hold all the issued Ordinary capital of that Company.

What dividends will be it is difficult to forecast; only ½ per cent. was paid in 1910, but it seems probable that 1½ or 2 per cent. will be distributed this year, with hopes of the full 4 per cent. for 1912.

It should be noted, also, that the shares are convertible into Bearer Warrants next year, and this should help to popularise them both here and on the Continent.

## YANKEES.

The American Market has been moderately firm during the last week, although the volume of business has not been very large.

The prospect of the Anti-Trust legislation seriously interfering with the Steel Corporation and other trade combinations seems to be getting more remote. The scheme put forward by the American Tobacco Company for the reorganisation of its business, which appears to be very favourable, was accepted the other day by the Circuit Court of New York; and as this has always been considered one of the most vulnerable of the Trusts, it seems likely that a similar course could be adopted in other cases. At all events, much may happen before the final decision. As we have said before in these columns, vote-catching is the motive force of these actions, and the National elections will be over next year.

Although in many respects the prospects are encouraging, there are labour troubles to consider in America, as at home, and the market is far too much in the hands of professionals on the other side of the Atlantic for our liking. When one sees prices marked down owing to rumours of President Taft's illness or because Pierpont Morgan has a pain in his foot, it is almost impossible to feel any real confidence in the market.

## BANK OF EGYPT.

The statement issued by the Special Manager, Sir William Plender, and the Official Receiver does not carry matters much further than the information which has been common property for some time. The crux of the question is the value of the £1,900,000 of Egyptian debts, and as to this the statement is silent.

The liabilities amount to £2,050,000, against which £700,000 is immediately available; and to pay the balance of £1,350,000 there

are the £1,900,000 of Egyptian book debts and the reserve liability of £625,000, or £2,525,000 in all. If the Egyptian assets realise only a million, which would be under 60 per cent. of face value, there should be a surplus of £275,000 for the shareholders, or, subject to the expenses of the liquidation, something over £5 a share. The full reserve liability will, the statement anticipates, be called up by three instalments, payable in May, July, and September of next year, and we fear that, unless an Assets Company can be successfully formed to take over and nurse the Egyptian debts, the liquidation will be long drawn out and the result of little advantage to this generation of shareholders.

How it was that the business and goodwill of this once fine institution was not taken over by the other large Egyptian banks and financial institutions we cannot imagine, unless it be that those best able to judge on the spot take a very pessimistic view of the value of the £1,900,000 book debts, on which the result of the whole liquidation turns.

## MINING MATTERS.

EAST RAND.—The disagreeable impression produced by the East Rand incident will continue to rankle for a long time. Admitting freely that the management on the spot acted as it considered best in the interests of the shareholders, by making the returns appear more imposing than the case warranted, it is a very debatable point whether such policy is ever justified. Of course, hope looked ahead to the possibility of something happening which would allow the growing deficiency of the output to be made up; but hope was disappointed, and the proprietors felt the full shock of the altered circumstances, with hardly a word in advance to prepare them for the news, of which a hint at least might have been given months before.

WORTH THE MONEY?—The market contention now is that East Rands have fallen to a level at which they can be justified, and are recommended by some as a good speculative investment. If the East Rand can pay 35 per cent., the shares are probably worth their 65s.; but a stigma is attached to them which it will require months to remove, and the cloud of suspicion has spread until other mines are covered by it, faith being severely shaken thereby. No wonder, then, that speculation should drift into Rhodesians, Broken Hills, Copper shares, and so on. The Kaffir Circus, poor old thing, is badly discredited, and not a tongue denies that it has richly earned its punishment.

## OF BROKEN HILLS.

We must confess to a feeling of very considerable satisfaction as we stood in the Broken Hill Market and heard prices being bid up, with Broken Hill Props. leading the advance. To be able to turn round and say "What did we tell you?" is so much pleasanter when it is an expected rise that has taken place than when the anticipated fall has "come off." The prophet naturally hopes that someone has acted upon his suggestion, and bought the shares before the advance got under way. We are, as a rule, inclined to think that, in mining matters, the short profit is worth snapping. In the case of Broken Hills, however, the outlook for the baser metals is what the newspapers cautiously call encouraging; and the holder who has paid for shares may make a yet better profit by keeping them. At the same time, it is well to remember that nobody ever went bankrupt by taking a profit; and part, at all events, is generally worth securing when it comes along.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1911.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. O.—(A) We have a fair opinion of this, and perhaps Maikop Victory. (B) Tandjong and Jugra Land, while, as speculations, perhaps Chersonese. (C) Spies, and, for a gamble, perhaps Mexican Eagles. (D) Guayaquil and Quito 5 per cent. bonds, Canadian Pacific shares, and Mexico North-Western Railway bonds or shares. (E) We doubt if it is wise to sell Diamonds for either Rubber or Oil.

A. J. E.—Your letter was fully answered on the 22nd inst.

SCOTT.—(1) You had better hold Sulphide shares. All depends on price of metals. (2) This is a fair proposition. (3) We have no faith. (4) If you can give us date of paper, it shall be sent. (5) Hold Kaffirs for dividends, except New Goch, in which we have no faith.

R. P. We still cannot find the Company in any reference-book, and very little is known in the market. It is generally believed to be a bad egg.

ALDON.—A promising speculative investment.

Formed about sixteen years ago, Van Den Berghs, Ltd., has pursued a brilliant career. The dividends paid have risen from 8 per cent. to 17 per cent. per annum, owing to the rapidity with which the Company's products have come into general demand. The sales of butter substitutes have gone up by leaps and bounds, and a third distribution of 16½ per cent. is therefore assured. The balance of this works out, of course, at the rate of 25 per cent. for the current half-year. Over £200,000 was carried forward to the current year, while the Company's investments, on the basis of their average yield of 8 per cent., have been calculated by the directors to be worth half-a-million more than they stand in the books. At the present share price of about 48s., the yield to holders is 7½, and in response to the increasing demands by investors, an advance in market value is considered probable.



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# FOOT'S

THE  
"BURLINGTON"

Press  
the  
button—  
that's  
all.



(Patented.)

## ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked. The Arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Front Table, Reading Desk, and Side Table are adjustable and removable.

The Upholstery is exceptionally deep, with soft elastic spring edges.

The only chair that combines these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

Catalogue C 13 of Adjustable Chairs Free.

**171-NEW-BOND-STREET  
LONDON-W**

## FOOT'S "ADAPTA" BED-TABLE.



Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 41 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

### PRICES.

- No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top **£1 7 6**
- No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated) ... **£1 15 0**
- No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but with Polished Oak Top and superior finish ... **£2 5 0**
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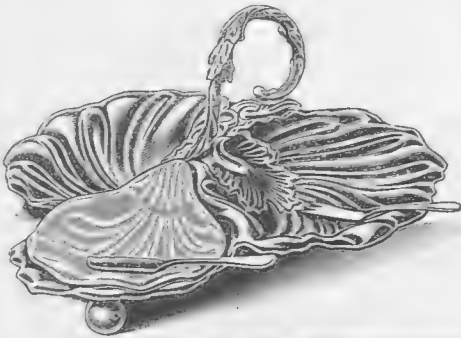
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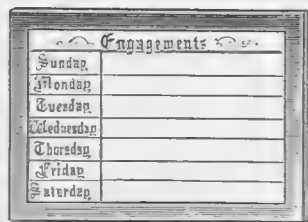
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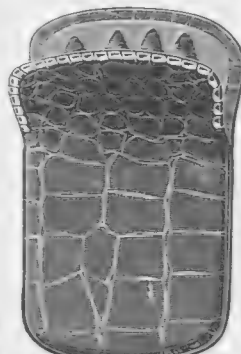
W 15737.—"Prince's Plate"  
Luncheon Tray with Servers,  
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F 189.—Plain Sterling Silver Engagement  
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Knife, Glass lining, 15/-



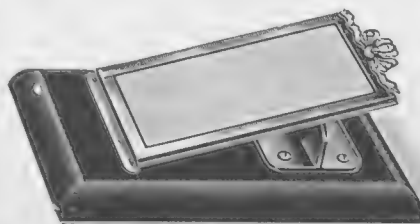
W 15669.—Prince's  
Plate Sugar Dredger,  
8 in. 15/6. 6½ in. 10/6



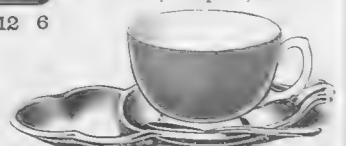
B 3585.—Case of Six Solid Silver Liqueur Cups, £3 12 6



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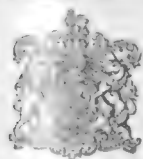
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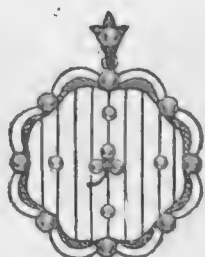
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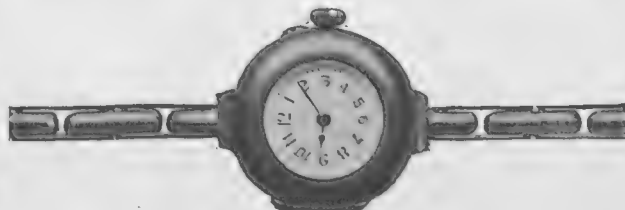
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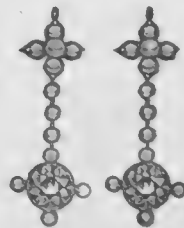
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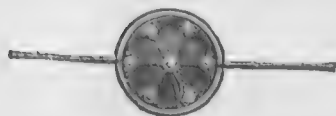
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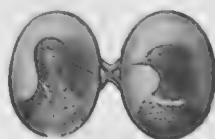
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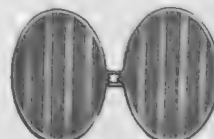
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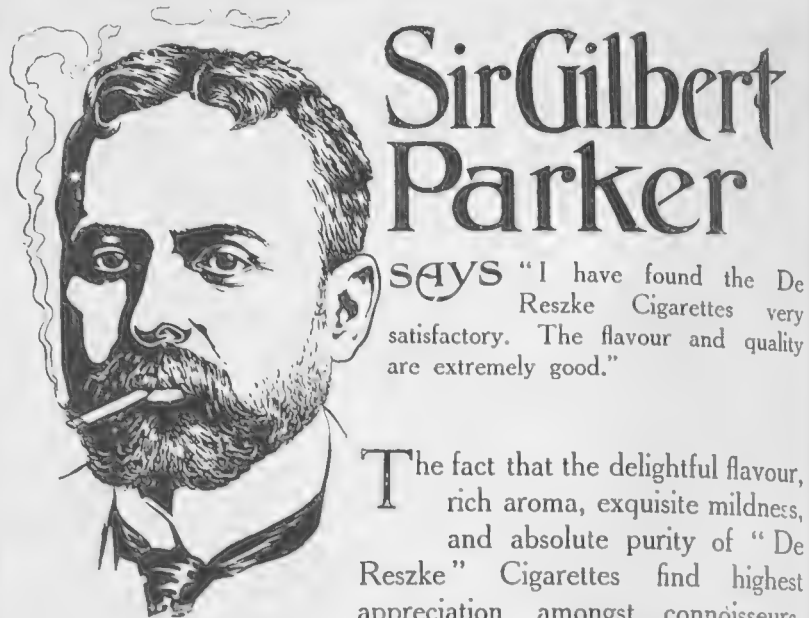
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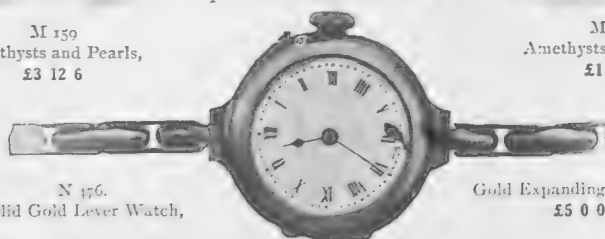
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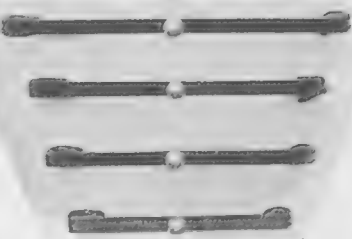


N 176.  
Solid Gold Lever Watch,

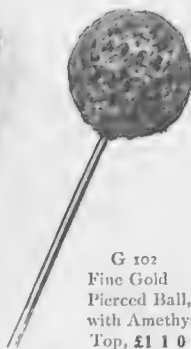
Gold Expanding Bracelet,  
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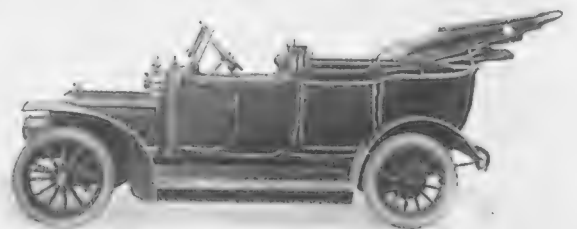
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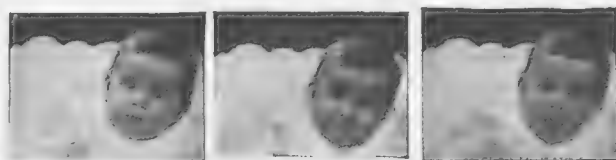
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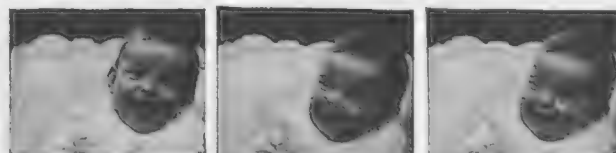
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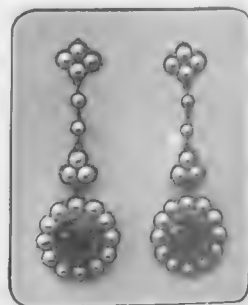
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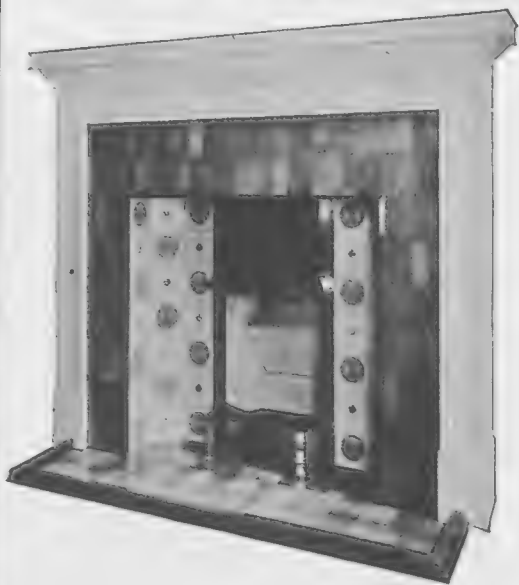
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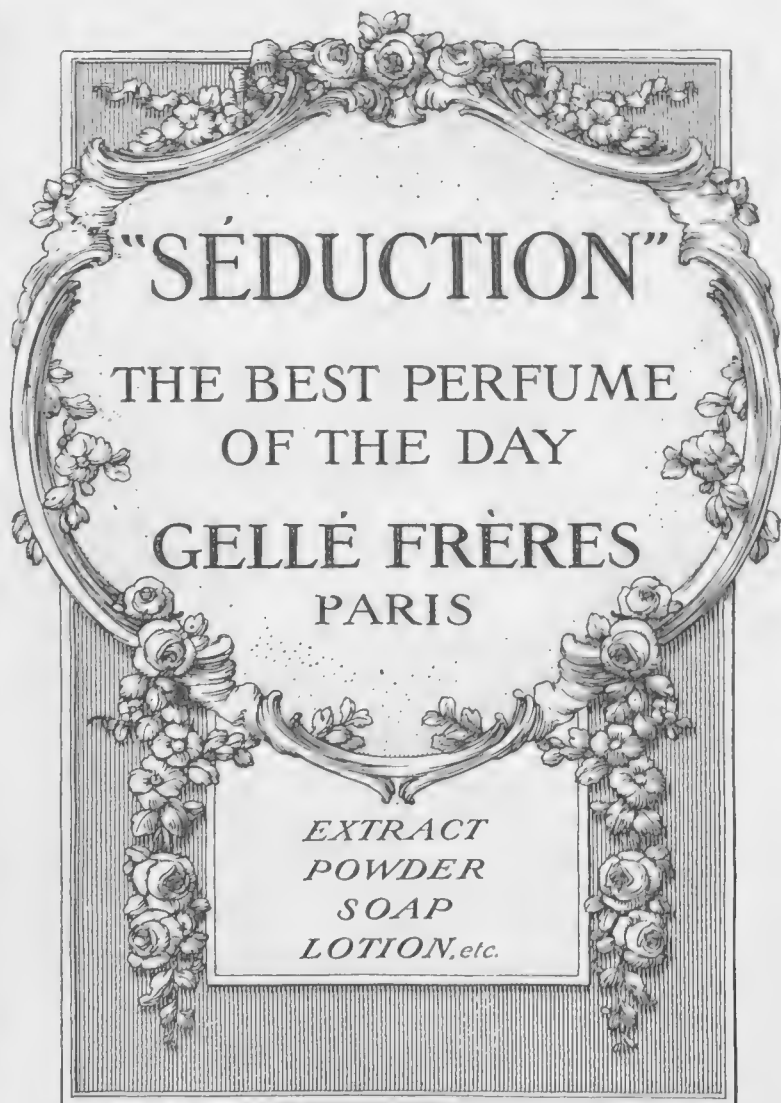
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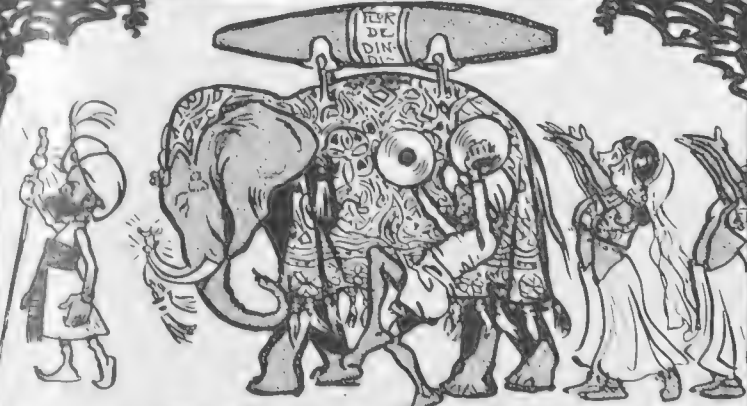
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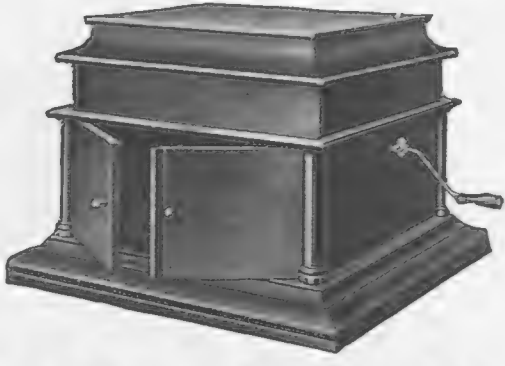
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## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Sex which  
Needs Defending.

In these days of strained political relations between men and women I often find myself defending those delightful and illogical specimens of humanity who wear tall hats, starched collars, and trousers. So largely have Woman and her wrongs occupied the stage of the world of late that we are beginning to overlook the fact that this globe is occupied by about the same number of her masculine contemporaries. It has been well said by an acute Frenchman that "la femme a toujours la galerie pour elle"; but nowadays she not only has the gallery, but the stalls, the boxes, and especially the dress-circle. Poor Man may strut and fume, put on all his bravery, and shout the most heroic sentiments: the eyes of the public, at present, are all on the agitated (and agitating) little figure in muslin on whom the limelight is being directed. Woman, in short, is reassuming the preponderating rôle which, according to the scientists, she once enjoyed in the scheme of creation. When Miss Christabel Pankhurst declared the other day that "the glorification of the male, just because he is a male, is a plunge into barbarism," she showed herself more of a rhetorician than an anthropologist. For even the masculine scientist cannot conceal the awkward fact that the female is the permanent type and the male the variable type, and that in the beginning there was not even a rudimentary separate masculine entity. The other night, at dinner, I was assured by an eminent Cambridge anthropologist that it was only when barbaric peoples began to enclose spaces and sow cereals that matriarchy was abolished, the man then suddenly evincing a desire to recognise his own offspring in order to leave them the property he had painfully acquired. From this pious wish to the entailed estate system in modern Britain is but a step in human evolution, and our remote descendants may see Woman settling everything with a high hand, just as she did when sentient life began to emerge from the wobbly protoplasm.

Country-House  
Visits.

If there is one thing in which we are more conservative than in aught else, it is the country-house visit as practised in these islands. This pleasing form of entertainment flourished already in the slow and stately eighteenth century; and yet, in its essentials, it is precisely the same in the audacious, tumultuous twentieth century. True, we often arrive in a Rolls-Royce or a Panhard instead of a coach-and-pair, and the visit is decidedly shorter; but the kind of entertainment offered, the attitude of hosts and guests,

is much the same. Mr. Henry James once declared that English folk spend at least one of the days of these classic "visits" in "wandering, rather forlornly, round damp shrubberies"—the day devoted to this not particularly exhilarating exercise being, of course, Sunday. What to do with your guests on Sunday, once you have conveyed them, in all their glory, to the village church, has always been a nice problem. There used to be the stables, with soft noses and bright eyes welcoming the visitor; and the enthusiastic lady who recently proposed to "go to the garage with lots of sugar" was absent-mindedly recalling this time-honoured custom. And now the ubiquitous bridge-table recalls the eighteenth century, with its candles and cards, rather than the nineteenth, in which Polite Conversation on instructive topics flourished. In the 'nineties, the well-informed person had his long innings; but now he is voted a fossil and a bore, and to pretend that he is ignorant of what everyone else knows is enough to make the success of a young man at a house-party. Then, owing to the vagueness of modern manners and the unwillingness to introduce people so characteristic of English society, it sometimes happens that week-enders find themselves on the railway platform on Monday morning still wondering who their fellow-guests may be. Yet so brief are visits nowadays, and so large and varied the house-parties, that it is, at least, almost impossible to be bored.

An American on  
America.

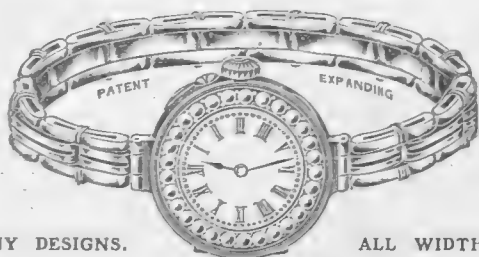
A Transatlantic millionairess has lately been telling the American newspaper reporters why she lives in England. Over there it is considered almost a crime to take up domicile under this "effete monarchy," and the naturalisation as an English subject of so prominent an American as Mr. W. Waldorf Astor is still a sore subject. Therefore any returning Americans are closely cross-questioned as to their reasons for leaving their native land. I am bound to say that they generally exhibit a refreshing candour. They have no scruples in giving their reasons. Thus, the millionairess in question, asked why she preferred England, replied that she found rich American women trivial, petty, and gossiping, and wealthy young American men not only without serious aims or interests, but given to drink. It is not for the mere Briton to question these statements, but I may mention that in most of the novels of modern American Society by Mr. Robert W. Chambers there is a prominent personage—sometimes it is the hero—who is a victim to alcohol. It is true that English society has only been sober for about eighty years, so that America may be expected to throw off her bad habits in the course of years, and become, eventually, a pleasant, easy land.

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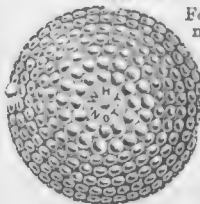
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## THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

WE have come to the season of big shoots and the making of big-bags, the brief period of the year to which so many sportsmen look forward with keen interest. The sportsmen referred to are not all shooting men. It is a matter of importance to the hunt that it should have a free run of the woodlands, and this cannot be given until the guns have taken their first toll of the long-tails. Other sportsmen in a humbler sphere of life are the white-smocked beaters and stoppers, to whom half-a-crown or three shillings a day, with a good lunch and a glimpse of some pretty shooting, affords a very satisfactory holiday. The busy time of the shooting season is specially welcome to the men this year, for casual jobs on the land have been hard to find, owing to the long drought and early harvest, which have forced farmers to find outside work for their permanent staff. The great majority who, lacking regular employment, live by odd jobs have been in difficulties. Some of these men, who are known to a good many keepers, can find several days work a week just now, and a few who are skilled and steady get the still more exciting task of loading. A really good loader will add much to the pleasure of the sport of the man he serves, and the tip at the end of a successful day is often a substantial one.

It seems to me that pheasants are flying better this year, travelling faster and higher than they have done for several seasons, and one or two good shots of my acquaintance have been complaining that their average of clean kills is not what they would like it to be. The truth is not far to seek. Pheasants hatched out early, and are very forward. Certainly the number of wild birds in my neighbourhood and for some miles round is considerable, and they seem to have given their hand-reared brethren a taste of their own quality. Then again, the old-fashioned and foolish custom of driving birds out of their home wood on to the guns is dying out rapidly, to the great improvement of the gamekeeper's art. It is now his object, on every shooting of any size where the conditions are favourable, to shepherd his birds into some cover at a fair distance from home, and to send them back over a double line of guns. If the birds will but rise high on the return journey—and of course questions of wind and weather receive careful consideration—they are safe to slope down as they approach the home wood, and to move with a gliding motion that much resembles the flight of grouse over a line of butts in hilly Highland country, or the descent of an aeroplane from a great height. Coming back in this fashion, with outstretched, motionless wings, their pace is extremely deceptive, and the angle of their descent adds to the difficulties of those who stand below. Naturally enough, the man

who has a gun in his hand three or four days in the week is familiar with the difficulties he has to face; but for those of us who cannot spare much time for shooting, and are in the habit of combining exercise with sport and taking what comes to the gun in a tramp by woodside, hedgerow, and spinney, the few minutes in which pheasants are passing overhead like a flock of lapwing or rooks, but at a much greater pace, are not free from anxiety. It requires no little judgment to avoid the mistake of hesitating between two birds, and then, of course, losing them both, and the troubles are always increased by the presence of birds that leave one not quite certain whether they are flying high enough for a clean kill.

With shooting, as with every other form of sport, there are days when a man can do nothing wrong, and still more days when he can do nothing right. At the end of the first he finds himself with grave doubts as to whether pheasant-shooting offers sufficient sport to satisfy a reasonable man. He receives the stray congratulation of host or neighbour with a feeling that the whole matter is too trivial for discussion. At the end of another day he is strangely reticent, and takes little part in the general conversation at tea or dinner, for he is wondering in his heart whether it would not be a great deal better to put his guns away and take to golf in future. Some, who are less reticent, will tell you solemnly that they have been shooting badly because they took tea instead of coffee for breakfast, or vice-versâ; while others are heard to assail the reputation of expensive cartridges. Perhaps the reason why these excuses are received with so much sympathy is that each listener, however successfully he may have been shooting, knows that his own bad day is bound to come, and is listening on the chance that some explanation may turn up that will serve in due course for his own hard case.

But if birds have been rather more than usually hard to hit this season, the associations of sport have been uncommonly pleasant. Autumn has lingered rather beyond her usual time, and the normal colouring of woodlands has been made richer by the presence of many young green growths born out of their due time. There have been hours of strong sunlight in which the gorgeous colouring of the cock-pheasants has been intensified. Indeed, November may claim to have acquitted herself to the satisfaction of all reasonable sporting men for the first half of her sojourn. Some big days have come off earlier than usual this year; but that is because of the abnormal quantities of acorns, beech-mast, and berries that have tempted pheasants to stray, in spite of all the vigilance of keepers; and few people realise how far old birds will travel in search of the food they like best. From the point of view of flavour, the well-travelled bird is, of course, most desirable. The corn-fed variety is not too well equipped. But there are few epicures among pheasant-eaters, and epicures select their birds.

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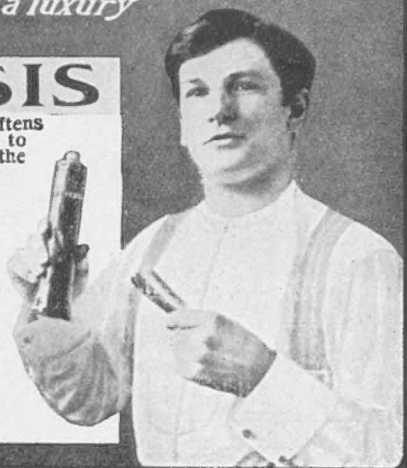
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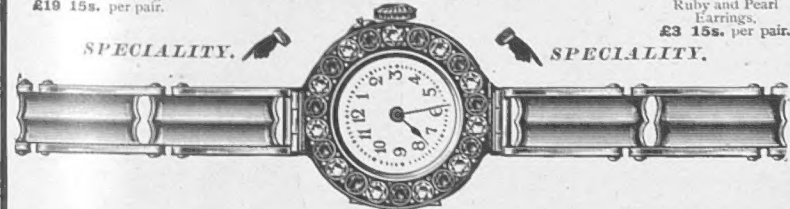
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Honest Trespass."**

By CONSTANCE  
COTTRELL.  
(Eveleigh Nash.)

Miss Cottrell's book is full of good things, and a few memorable ones—and yet, ungrateful though it seems after many a page happily enjoyed, it is impossible not to feel disappointed with her story as a whole. She has given herself a difficult task with *Lesbia*—not so much in what *Lesbia* was as in what *Lesbia* did. The character is very succinctly stated in Oliver Cray's series of impressions, Oliver being the modern Dobbin of the novel. "It was her gentleness, he remembered, that had first appeared to be her only distinction . . . then he had thought her chief grace the negative one of having no thought of pretence or affectation in her; then her kindness had struck him; then her entrancing air of being good and true by birthright; then her single-hearted and unquestioning devotion to Colonel Mallard (her insane husband); and now in a flash the loveliness of her face and person." This is an alluring creation, easier to create than to conduct along the fatal or inconsequent ways of life. But if *Lesbia* fails sometimes to convince, and appears shadowy greatly because the author is so intent on the shades of her, the book is quite remarkable for studies "from the life." A portrait like that of Harriet Otway, unhampered by the exigencies of the story, is startlingly alive. That ineffectual presence, always a spectator and never a participator, glued to the drawing-room chair and watching the drawing-room drama as from a dress-circle seat, till her palms grew damp in a stress of sentiment; or, again, doing her neck exercises in the station waiting-room during the minutes before the arrival of her train—oh, she is unforgettable! There is a charming picture of the Hop County, hop-picking, and pickers; and, as has already been said, a notable wit of observation and phrase.

**"The Doll."**

By VIOLET HUNT.  
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Were it not for Miss Hunt's assurance to her readers on her title-page that this is a happy story, they would fear the worst at more than one page. Mrs. Agate had been divorced from her husband some fourteen years before; she had also been separated from her child, and Isabel, just seven years old, never forgot that almost forcible removal. Mr. Agate married again, and Isabel grew up with her stepmother—a guardian whom her father on dying left in charge—and a sympathetic governess-companion. She learned to ride straight, and never mention her mother and never forget her. As her majority approached, with a considerable fortune, she pleaded to anticipate it sufficiently to take a house in town, furnish it, and establish herself

there with her governess-companion on the eve of her twenty-first birthday. Her first act after breakfast on her birthday morning was to seek out a certain address. Isabel had not far to go—she had chosen her house with a view to this—and she presented herself on her mother's doorstep with the intention of going into society as that mother's daughter. Mrs. Agate had married again, for the co-respondent was a gentleman as well as a successful barrister. The *Morning Post* frequently chronicled her parties, which were smart, thanks to her husband, and picturesque, thanks to a vein of authorship which Mrs. Agate had discovered in herself as Mrs. Hawtayne. And Isabel, in her generous, loyal, cocksure youth, waited in an untidy library for her mother to get up. Many people came and went there before her mother. A lady-secretary who cast aspersions on her mother's character, a disagreeable *ami de la maison* who swore, and an attractive young peer in whom Isabel was led to confide some touching details of that memorable separation. His well-bred calm was considerably broken up when Isabel informed him that the lady-secretary, but for his advent, would have favoured her with the name of the co-respondent—for already Isabel had discovered that history was about to repeat itself. That made no difference to her feeling about her mother, unless it were that, instead of her need of her mother, there arose a greater—in her mother's need of her. Mrs. Hawtayne is a complex, yet very credible, creature in Miss Hunt's hands; and lovable, though rather loveless, with the fervent exception of maternity. Some short time ago a Dutchwoman protested that only in illegitimacy could the Dutch mother really own her child. And much the same thing occurred to Mrs. Hawtayne with regard to English law. Her contrast to her sporting, severely dressed daughter—Mrs. Hawtayne was said to have forty tea-gowns and one day-frock—her dabbles in feminine politics, and her sadly worn relations with her domineering husband, don't seem to make for any possible happiness. But Isabel "rode straight," as usual, and to a triumphant finish. "The Doll"—and its title is a side issue only—is a thoughtful *résumé* of one or two eternal problems complicated by modern developments.

The Wedding of  
Lord Camoys and  
Miss Sherman.

After our "Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers" page had gone to press, with one of the earlier sections of *The Sketch*, it was announced that the wedding of Lord Camoys and Miss Mildred Sherman would take place on Saturday last, the 25th, instead of on Dec. 2, as previously fixed. Owing to the illness of Miss Sherman's father, Mr. William Sherman, it was arranged that there should be no festivities, and the wedding took place at his bedside, with only a few near relatives present. Mr. Sherman gave his daughter away.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE of the brightest of the Christmas Numbers is that of the "Sporting and Dramatic," as it is familiarly called, otherwise "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." As usual, the Christmas Number appears under the title of "Holly Leaves," with an appropriate cover, and the contents, both pictorial and literary, are as excellent as ever. The feature of the number is the large photogravure supplement, consisting of a reproduction of Lady Butler's famous historical painting, "Balaclava—The Return." Hitherto this work has not been obtainable except as an expensive engraving, and the fact that it is now thrown in with a shilling number, reproduced in a style which does every justice to the original, is one that speaks for itself as to the value of the publication. The illustrations in the number itself include drawings by R. Caton Woodville, Lawson Wood, Gordon Browne, Barribal, Tony Sarg, and other well-known artists. The letterpress is exceptionally strong, comprising stories by Eden Phillpotts, Frankfort Moore, Agnes and Egerton Castle, and S. R. Crockett; and "Our Captious Critic—Now!" by Arthur Clements.

Our good friends across the Channel, who at one time esteemed themselves, and with some show of reason, to stand at the head of the automobile industry, have all too tardily recognised the injury done to the French trade by the lapse of the French Motor Exhibition. Years ago, Mr. S. F. Edge prophesied that London would, sooner or later, become the motor mart of the world, and this

desirable consummation has arrived the sooner by reason of the fact that the French Show has been allowed to miss a year. Now the French have girded up their loins and have resolved that what another exhibition can do for them in an attempt to regain what little supremacy they enjoyed shall be done next year. The heavy decline in French automobile exports and the considerable increase in the imports have given our friends furiously to think. But they are mistaken if they presume that their loss of business is due entirely to the absence of a show or shows. As a matter of fact, compared with what has been done in this country during the last two, if not three years, French automobile design has stood still, while we have gone ahead. For instance, they have largely ignored the silencing of engines, and they have turned a blind eye to worm-drive.

We are informed that the statement in our last issue to the effect that the late Sir James Mackenzie of Glen Muick had changed his name from Thompson to Mackenzie is a mistake, though one which has been often repeated elsewhere, and whose origin cannot be traced. "Thompson" was merely Sir James Mackenzie's second Christian name. He was made a baronet in 1890, and died in the same year. His grandson, Sir Victor Mackenzie, the third baronet, is the present holder of the title. Sir Victor's brother, Mr. Allan Mackenzie, is engaged to the Hon. Louvima Knollys, only daughter of Lord Knollys. The Mackenzies of Glen Muick are descended from the Mackenzies of Suddie, one of the oldest branches of the family.



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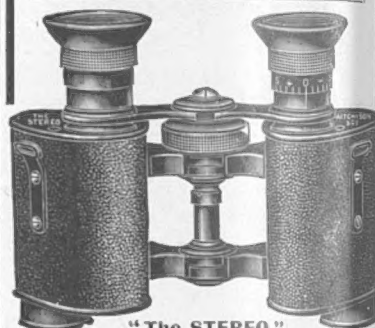


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